

The American Girl

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Mary Roberts Rinehart

Augusta Huiell Seaman & Katharine Haviland Taylor

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Gladima Scout's New Year's Adventure



1. "Resolved—to live up to my Girl Scout Laws". But oh! Fido has eaten Gladima's Christmas radiolite watch—oh, dear! oh, dear, dear!



2. Such sadness, oh, dear! Fido is penitent and Gladima is heart-broken but—a Girl Scout is kind to animals, you know



3. "Here, dear," says Mrs. Mother Gladima, "this will cheer you up. You love your AMERICAN GIRL. Read it and forget your troubles"



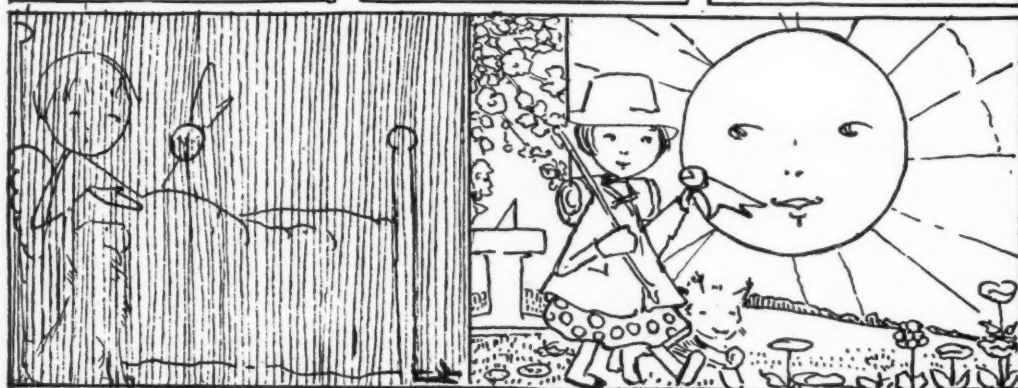
4. One tear is left but Gladima forgets to wipe it away, every page of her Girl Scout magazine is so very thrilling



5. Oh, joyous! She sees the premium page (read it yourself, page 35). M-m-marvelous! She can earn a new watch for only fifteen new subscriptions!!!



6. Even Fido is smiling. For Gladima has secured the fifteen subscriptions and Alice Waller has written that the watch is on its way



7. Night or Day—Gladima's watch tells her that getting AMERICAN GIRL subscriptions always pays

THE AMERICAN GIRL

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HELEN FERRIS, *Editor*

ALICE WALLER, *Business Manager*

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Her New Year's Resolution!

RESOLVED:

Not to miss a single installment
of the mystery serial

"Laughing Last"

By Jane Abbott

or of

the new Girl Scout serial

"Lucky Penny"

By Edith Ballinger Price

"Brown Owl"

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From a woodcut by Wharton Harris Esberick

Velvet Shoes

By ELINOR WYLIE

Let us walk in the white snow
In a soundless space;
With footsteps quiet and slow,
At a tranquil pace,
Under veils of white lace.

I shall go shod in silk,
And you in wool,
White as a white cow's milk,
More beautiful
Than the breast of a gull.

We shall walk through the still town
In a windless peace;
We shall step upon the white down,
Upon silver fleece,
Upon softer than these.

We shall walk in velvet shoes
Wherever we go
Silence will fall like dews
On white silence below.
We shall walk in the snow.

From "Nets to Catch the Wind"

Janette and Jack

Why didn't Jack, the High's best basketball player, like Janette, the most popular girl there?

By KATHARINE
HAVILAND
TAYLOR

Illustrations by Douglas Ryan



Here was a boy whom every one else liked—his attitude began to trouble her

WITHOUT so much as one little doubt, Janette Julian was the most popular girl in the Coxton High School, and she held her enviable position without effort and in spite of obstacles. She had a good mind, she had learned how to make it work for her; and so, a large part of the time, she headed her classes. She was extremely pretty; she could have, as her small circle of petticoated Boswells said, "almost anything she wanted!" Her father's house was the largest and most attractive house in Coxton; her mother's many trips to the nearest city always brought Janette something lovely in the way of a frock or a hat; she was indulged and pampered and petted, and loved in spite of it—because she was unspoiled.

Janette's especial friend, Anne Stuart, could never talk quite enough of Janette, and the morning that this story started—a crisp, fall morning which told the fact that in a little time there would be skating—on this morning Anne was particularly loud in praise of Janette. "You know," she said, as she made way with a group who were headed toward the study hall, "we'd all *hate* any one but Janette who does so well in *everything*." A little freckled girl, who usually spoke acidly and who was not noted for good nature, answered. "You couldn't hate her," she stated, "she's too modest and generous—"

"And thoughtful," Anne went on. She was thinking as she spoke of how careful Janette was not to outshine her friends in clothes; and that in school her trim dress was always as plain as that of the poorest girl.

"She's *wonderful*!" said the little girl with the freckled nose. At that moment Jack Merydith broke in. Jack was another idol of the school, who was followed in all ways save one; he could not "see Janette Julian," and the homage of her court always made him scoff.

"Who—" he asked loudly, and with mockery in his tone, "can we be talking about?"

The freckled girl tossed her head, and deigned no answer. Anne responded hotly, "You know perfectly well, Jack Merydith," she asserted, "and if you weren't so mean you'd acknowledge that she's *perfect*!"

He grinned slowly, and even though Anne disliked him for the grin, she had to admit that Jack had his "awfully good points." He was an extremely tall boy with sleek, black hair, wide-set grey eyes, a feeling for clothes and how to wear them, the athlete's easy walk, and the impression, back of his every move, of great strength and steadiness.

They paused a moment and Jack spoke, "Look here, Anne," he said with an anxiety that was obviously masqueraded, "I don't want you to misunderstand me; I'd hate to have you do that! I like Janette Julian—"

"You *don't*!" Anne broke in.

"But," he went on, and as if he had not been interrupted, "I can't see the point in all this kowtowing; there are thousands of girls like her, thousands prettier! What's the idea of making her America's sweetheart? She's all right, but—don't over-rate her! Give her a chance to be what she is, one of the pack, a normal, not-very-attractive, average high school student, who bones all her lessons because she likes to show off by heading all her—"

Anne broke in again, and before Jack could finish with the "classes" he had intended to say. "*That's untrue*," she challenged through set teeth.

"There must be some reason for the midnight oil," Jack answered lazily and, at Anne's hot denial, he shrugged his shoulders in a manner that was not unbecoming.

"If you don't burn a little midnight oil," put in Anne's companion, "you won't be able to play on the basketball team. You know, it's necessary to at least keep *up* with your classes, or you can't star-play and show off in front of a crowd!"

"Puss-puss!" murmured Jack and, still grinning, he went on.

"That *wasn't* nice of me," said the acid little lady, "but it *was* a relief."

"He's always been horrid to Janette," Anne mused.

"And *why*?" Janette's second champion questioned.

Anne shook her head. "Janette says he has natural sense and good taste," she stated, "but—we know that isn't true. Something started it when they were children, I suppose. You know the Julians lived by the Merydiths, before they built the new house."

"All I can say is, it's flat!" said the girl with freckles as they entered the study hall.

Oddly enough at that moment, Janette Julian, across the hall, decided that the situation was unpleasant; here was a boy, whom every one else liked, and who seemed to like almost every one else; a boy whose eyes, upon her, were always quizzical, and whose lips would have worn a mocking smile, she felt, if he had let inclination rule.

His attitude began to trouble her; she felt his censure as she recited, and he always cast her a strange, probing glance after one of his faltering, often failing answers to questions. "We can't all be bones," his expression seemed to say, "and *thanks be for it*."

This morning she settled and nodded to him consciously. He responded to her nod, and said something to the boy who sat beside him. She flushed. He had stepped outside of the actions possible to a gentleman's code with that, she decided; and that little something that he had whispered, while his eyes were still upon her, made her give up the plan she had had, which was to make him like her and to put him in the circle of her friends.

"I'm done!" she reflected, and the decision, for a reason she did not realize, made depression steal over her usually sanguine spirit. "He doesn't like me, he won't," she went on, "and he'll always try to rattle me, and I suppose he always will."

After which she settled back, and tried to forget him, but the buzz of even a well-fed and merely roving mosquito is an irritating thing, and an atmosphere of condemnation can disturb in a manner somewhat like. Her feeling his unfair discrimination, and the fact that he treated her as he would not treat another girl, bit. She remembered him through the morning, and with a resentment rare to her really sweet nature.

Mr. Roland, the high school principal, spoke during Janette's moment of hurt. It was a little sermon to the athletes that he delivered, and as his voice filled the auditorium, many a look and smile were sent to Jack. The boys who could excel in athletics were failing their school as well as themselves, if they did not keep up the necessary class-standing, Mr. Roland asserted. The boy who would not study and who was needed by his team, was a slacker. Unfortunately, many of the

best basketball players were poor students. And so on! Jack's cheeks flushed as the lecture progressed, for it went home and had reason to. Somehow, he couldn't seem to "get down to study."

* * *

A month and two months passed, and their passing took the calendar into the brisk start of the basketball season; games were scheduled for each week; the team departed, hopeful, and, with one exception, returned victorious. Visiting teams came and went. Jack, the star forward, who with good reason shot all the fouls, was even outdoing his own glittering record. A great season was promised; a season that would be remembered and spoken of with pride; cheers were proposed in the study hall; often the place resounded with Jack Merydith's name, and then—

The news! News that crept over the school to darken its cheer; news that made the hearts of the cheerers sigh; Jack Merydith would be dropped from the team unless he did better with high school work.

And what to do about it? That was the question that traveled the school, and that came back, after travel, unanswered.

He wouldn't get at study. He admitted, shamed, that he *couldn't*; that he hadn't "the hang" of it; he acknowledged that he had "tried as hard" as he "ever could." He felt he had "boned."

It was Miss Smythe who suggested the solution of the problem; young Miss Smythe, the English teacher, who cheered as loudly as her youngest pupil at each game, and who realized what dropping Jack would mean to the team. And as she realized it, she looked up and over her class, and then said, "Will Miss Julian and Mr. Merydith please oblige me greatly and stay a minute after class?"

Janette looked up with a start, flushing; Jack's eyes grew quizzical; the class, smiling, filed out; and the three were alone. Miss Smythe explained: Janette had learned the real art of concentration, Jack had not; Miss Smythe asked, for the sake of the high school record in athletics, that Janette teach Jack how to study.

Janette did not answer immediately, and Jack waited, for the first time in his life, feeling small and ashamed in her presence. When Janette spoke, she spoke slowly. "I will do it for the school," she said, "if Jack Merydith can extend the code of a sportsman into his treatment of me, while I try to help him. I will not put my energy into it, even for the school, unless he will try to learn and will promise to accord me the courtesy due a schoolmate."

Jack felt his color rise. He had never real-



"You've done well," said Janette. "You can study if you will"

(Continued on p. 30)

Concluding—

Melissy's Music Box

Where were Great-aunt Cecily's jewels hidden?

By AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Illustrations by Edith Ballinger Price



Even the little jewel case she showed him

What happened last month in this story

THIS story is told by a northern girl who, with her sister Leila and her father and mother, is spending Christmas in Savannah. There they call on their Great-aunt Cecily. The minute the girls enter the library, they are fascinated by a curious box that gives an air of mystery to the room. They resolve to find out about it. Then Great-aunt Cecily, with gracious southern hospitality, invites them all to spend Christmas Eve and Christmas Day with her and to bring with them a pleasant old gentleman with whom they have become acquainted on their trip.

They all come, gathering about the fire for Christmas Eve. Melissy comes in, an old colored woman who is stone deaf and who sits by the mysterious box. At last the question, "What is that box?" bids Great-aunt Cecily tell the story. It is a music-box, she says, given her when she was a girl and loved by Melissy from the start because it plays her favorite Christmas hymn, *It Came upon the Midnight Clear*. The box was there during the Civil War when Great-aunt Cecily lost her father and brothers and fiancé. It was there when word came that Sherman was approaching and they fled, with the box of jewels forgotten in their haste.

When Melissy heard that the jewels had been left, she insisted upon returning, only to find the soldiers outside the house. Hurrying in, she thought of the idea to start the music-box and distract the soldiers from the bedroom and run away. She does so and is creeping downstairs when, "Halt! Don't move!" And a soldier has seen the jewel box in which was Great-aunt Cecily's engagement ring given her by the young man she had lost.

II.

When Great-aunt Cecily got to this point in the story we all drew in our breath with a little gasp, all but Mr. Crandall who still sat absolutely motionless by the fire and old Melissy placidly smiling beside the music-box.

"You can well imagine the helpless terror of poor

Melissy," continued Great-aunt Cecily. "The soldier ran up and seized her by the arm, escorting her down into the library and presenting her before his officer, a lieutenant-captain, I imagine, though I never knew definitely who it was. The soldier saluted and was just launching into a description of how he had caught her, when the officer raised his hand and said, 'Hush! I want to listen to this.'

"Can you picture the scene? It is as real to me as if I had been there myself, the dim, late afternoon light, the room crowded with soldiers, poor, crouching, terrified Melissy in their midst, and the music-box faithfully tinkling out her favorite tune! I must remind you that it was Christmas Eve, nearly sixty years ago, and anything less like a Christmas Eve you can hardly imagine. But this was the tune that Melissy's music-box was playing as she was led into the room to face that mob of Union soldiers."

And at this, Great-aunt Cecily made a motion to Melissy and said, "You may play it now, Melissy!"

The old colored woman got up, curtsied to us, wound the box with a key, and moved one of the discs at the side. And while we all held our breath to listen, there floated out from the box in the sweetest, tinkling notes, the lovely old hymn:

*It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold.
Peace on the earth, good will to men
From Heaven's all-gracious King.
The world in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.*

"Melissy says," went on Great-aunt Cecily, after she had given the signal to shut off the music, "that the officer heard the thing through three times before he allowed any one to speak. Then he turned to his crowd of soldiers and said, 'Great Scott, boys, do you realize what night it is? I can't stomach wrecking this place after listening to that!' Then he turned to Melissy and asked 'Where are all your people? And what are you doing here?'

"Melissy was wise enough to tell him the whole story, only asking that she need not repeat it before any one but himself, and he sent his followers out of the room while he listened to her. Even the little jewel case she showed to him and begged that she be allowed to deliver it to me in safety. She says that he walked up and down and up and down the floor for many minutes after she was finished, pulling his moustache and thinking deeply but uttering not a word. Finally he sat down at the desk, rummaged for pen and paper and wrote two notes. Then he called in a soldier, handed him one of them and ordered him to take it at once to General Sherman. After that, he walked to the hall door and addressed his men, bidding them to go and find what food they could in the

pantries, but that they were not to mar or destroy a single article in the house under the severest penalty, until further orders.

"At last he turned to Melissy and said, 'It would be foolish for you to try to get back to Savannah yet awhile. The roads are full of soldiers who would probably take this from you. You may, however, safely trust the case to me and I will hide it somewhere about the house. Keep this note and hand it to your mistress when you see her again. It tells her where I intend to conceal the case. And now, if you can cook, go into the kitchen and see what you can do about getting up some kind of a supper for my men.' Then he handed her the other note and gave her permission to go.

"She spent the rest of the evening cooking a meal for the Union soldiers which they ate hilariously in the dining room. But the officer sat by himself in the library and when she brought in his supper to him, he was still sitting by the music-box listening to the Christmas hymn, *It Came upon the Midnight Clear*. And she declares she saw tears in his eyes, but that may have been only a fancy on Melissy's part.

"The rest of this story has never been very clear to me because Melissy's account of what happened afterward is considerably confused. But from what I can gather, that particular officer was called away next day and never returned to the house. Another officer took his place but evidently orders had been issued not to disturb anything on the plantation. For, short of cleaning out the establishment of all its provisions, everything else was left almost exactly as it had been. Before the first officer went, he gave Melissy permission to leave and return to Savannah and a pass to ensure her safety.

"But there's an unsolved mystery to this story as curious as any you ever heard of! Poor Melissy had an unfortunate accident before she got back to me in Savannah. She had hidden the note to me and her pass in the folds of her white turban for safety. At one point on her journey she saw a company of soldiers camping by the roadside and, thinking it wisest to avoid them, she left the road and scrambled her way through a thick wood beside the Savannah River. A branch caught in her turban and dragged it off and before she could rescue it the two bits of paper had fallen out and into the river and were whirled away on its swift tide.

"So she lost her pass and the precious note to me. She managed to get into the city all right without the former, but the loss of the latter resulted in this strange situation, that never, to this day have I been able to discover the whereabouts of the little jewel-case and my beloved trinkets. We searched the house high and low for years, hoping to come upon them in any and every unexpected spot, but without result. Even the name of that officer I never knew or I should have tried to communicate with him. His leaving the very next day, probably to return North, and the confusion which reigned everywhere about Savannah for weeks afterward prevented my ever tracing him. I have always wanted to thank him, besides, for what he did in sparing my home. But I shall never know him this side of Eternity, so I can only wait to

thank him in the Hereafter. And now you know the story of Melissy's music-box. It is a little ceremony that we have every Christmas Eve when she plays her favorite tune over for us."

When Great-aunt Cecily ended the story there was perfect silence in the room. No one seemed to want to be the

first to break it. I know I couldn't have if my life had depended on it. I saw tears in Mother's eyes and Daddy was mopping his forehead violently with his handkerchief, always a sign that he's feeling rather strongly about something. Only Mr. Crandall still sat motionless by the fire, his hands clasped tightly about the head of his cane.

He was the first to speak and to our unutterable amazement, this is what he said, "If you will have your man pry out the third tile from the front, at the left hand end of the hearth, Miss Winton, you will, I think, discover what you have been seeking so long."

Well, if he had suddenly produced a revolver and told us to hold up our hands, we couldn't have been more completely floored. Great-aunt Cecily turned white and could only stare at him in silence. But Uncle Nat, the colored man, who had been standing by the door through it all, came forward without being told, knelt down and began to pry up the tile with a penknife. We all bent forward to watch and, sure enough, in two or three minutes he had loosened the tile, groped around underneath and pulled out a little bundle wrapped tightly in what looked like an old silk handkerchief. And still without a word from any one he laid it in Great-aunt Cecily's lap.

With fingers that visibly shook, she unwrapped it and brought to light a faded velvet jewel-case which she opened, disclosing some tarnished, old-fashioned trinkets, I couldn't see just what they were at the time. But I noticed that one little ring she quietly slipped over the third finger of her left hand.

Then she turned to Mr. Crandall and said in a quavering voice, "Won't you please explain this mystery?"

"There is no mystery," he replied turning about to face us all, "only a very remarkable trick of chance or fate—or maybe providence. *I am that officer!*"

"I know that it seems unbelievable," he went on after another amazed silence, "and yet when you analyze it, it is not so strange, after all. Let me tell you how it happened. I was the young officer who, on that terrible Christmas Eve more than fifty years ago, was in the advance of the Union Army that was entering Savannah.

"I had actually forgotten that it was Christmas Eve when we came to this plantation that afternoon and was only anxious to get through with the grim business in hand and get on to Savannah where I could rest. I had had no sleep in three nights. You all know what happened after I got there, from Miss Winton's story. I tell you when I heard the first notes of that Christmas hymn, the hymn I had sung as a boy every Christmas Day, and now being rendered in this strange fashion on a deserted plan-

(Continued on page 45)



A little bundle wrapped in a silk handkerchief

A Letter to Jane from Bab

Every one remembers Bab, the delectable, Bab, the perfect speller, whom Mary Roberts Rinehart has given us. Here she is, working for Girl Scout Headquarters bricks

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

DEAREST JANE: I have at last sold some bricks to the Family, but I had a hard time at first believe me. Maybe I am too sensitive, but when my father said it was a gold brick, I could but look at him in amazement. Ye gods, a ten dollar bill is as nothing to him in a restaurant, but when it comes to good works one would think it was the national debt!

I then showed him the Girl Scout Laws and he said "There is nothing in them about spelling." And went on to complain about the income tax, et cetera. When I told him he could take it off his income tax he cheered up a little and said five bricks. And ten if we would see there wasn't another war, because he couldn't afford another war at the price.

But it was mother who really bought the bricks after all. She said it was worth one hundred dollars to have me thinking of something else than the movies and the Other Sex, and picking up my clothes in the morning, and saving my money instead of buying so many slippers that a centapede couldn't wear them.

So father said, "if she can spell centapede correctly I'll give her a whole chimney." And I spelled it and he said "Right! Where's my check book?" Mother looked rather queer, but she got the check book and the fatle deed was done.

Loveingly yours,
BAB.

Isn't Bab the most adorable person? And to think that she is working for ten dollar Girl Scout bricks, too! No doubt by this time she has gotten them from her uncle and her brother (has she one?) and every one of the Other Sex whom she knows and who can get ten dollars together! For any one can see she's the kind of girl who lands what she goes after.

Mary Roberts Rinehart, who first wrote about "Bab" a number of years ago, is a very busy person, these days in her home in Washington, D. C. For not only is she at work every day writing the stories which we all enjoy—but she has also found time, some way, to be chairman of our National Campaign Committee for the Building and Budget Fund. That is how she happened to know that Bab was working for the very same thing. And wasn't it the most fortunate coincidence that Bab had left this letter on Mrs. Rinehart's desk! She is rather careless, we admit (Mercy, we mean Bab, not Mrs. Rinehart!) but we are certainly glad for her ways this time. A letter from Bab is always such a lark! And this one is so Scoutlike.

Mrs. Rinehart has been very happy to hear of all that the Girls Scouts have been doing to earn their bricks—the plays and the bazaars and the cookie sales and cake sales



Mary Roberts Rinehart, author of the delightful Bab stories and Chairman of our recent campaign

and candy sales and every other kind of sale that one could imagine. She says she hopes, too, that any number of Girl Scout fathers have done just the same as Bab's, buying bricks, not to mention whole walls or "chimnys."

It isn't too late for more of these "dad" bricks, either. In fact, if Bab could do it, so can you! For isn't Bab a regular girl?

Christmas is the very time when fathers and mothers and uncles and aunts are thinking of "extra special" gifts which they can give to make others happy. So why not a gift brick to Scouting? A Christmas gift or a New Year's gift—it will never be too late. Each brick costs ten dollars.

Tell your father and all your older friends how much Scouting means to girls everywhere. Tell them that our new National Headquarters is the building for American Girlhood. Tell them that every brick bought in this building means that more girls will be able to enjoy all that being a Girl Scout means. How can bricks do that? Because in our National Headquarters, Girl Scout work for all America is carried on.

Wouldn't it be great if, sometime when you come in to National Headquarters yourself, you should find "Bab" there. Mrs. Rinehart did not tell us whether Bab's father's "chimny" was part of Washington, D. C.'s quota. For perhaps Bab lives in Chicago or San Francisco! But we are certain the money has already come in, for the "chimny" is working splendidly.

It would be interesting if every brick could have on it the initials of the person who gave it. But since that could not very well be done, we are to have a plaque in the hall upon which is to be the name of every town who sent in its quota for the campaign. If you don't know about your quota, ask your Captain. If you wish to know what the plaque will look like, you will find a picture of it on the inside back cover of the December AMERICAN GIRL.

Be like Bab! (Except for the spelling!)

Winter Sports in Girls' Colleges

North, South, East and West, college girls take to winter sports, served with snow or otherwise

By CONSTANCE M. HALLOCK

HAVE you decided what college you are going to attend? If you have, you already know that it is the finest college in the world and nothing could ever persuade you to go anywhere else. If you have not, you are studying catalogs, talking to girls of different colleges and trying until your head is in a whirl to make up your mind which suits you and your family the best. Mount Holyoke has such a beautiful campus. But then, so have Wellesley and Vassar. Bryn Mawr is convenient to Philadelphia and its music. But Radcliffe is just as convenient to Boston. If you live in the South, there are Agnes Scott and the other splendid and growing girls' colleges. Shall you choose the one nearest home, or otherwise? Your parents want you near at home, they say. But part of the advantage of going to college is having to be responsible for your own affairs. How are you ever going to choose?

An outdoors girl will be sure of one thing and that is that, wherever she goes, she must have plenty of chance for outdoor sports. And if, along with hundreds of others, she has been a Girl Scout who has gone winter camping, perhaps the lure of cold winter weather will call to her from a certain campus. For all of a sudden in the last few years, everybody has learned to appreciate our gorgeous winter weather until the United States is getting to be as much of a center for the lovers of snow and ice as Switzerland is. Suppose you want to go to a New England college, perhaps to Smith or Mount Holyoke, both of which are in the hills of Western Massachusetts and well-known for their courses in Girl Scout training. If you do and have not learned to ski and snowshoe as well as to skate and do other more common winter sports by the time you leave, there has been something wrong with your college course. On the campus at Mount Holyoke and in the hills nearby, you will find ski-jumps, toboggan slides, lakes for skating, an outing club that arranges sports and hikes, a gym department that sends you out on a sparkling morning to skate instead of making you do one-two-threes around the gym, and hundreds of other girls whose favorite amusement is to fall in and out of snowdrifts while learning to ski.

At Smith, too, the girls are right at the edge of the hills, with the Mount Tom and Mount Holyoke ranges within easy distance for hiking and climbing, when one can

manage a whole day off; and skating and coasting near at hand. A graduate of earlier days asked a classmate on the faculty whether she noticed much difference between the college girls and the friends she knew thirty years ago.

"No," the faculty friend said, hesitatingly, "girls are more or less the same always; but still, there is one kind of girl who is entirely missing now, and that is the one who used 'to enjoy poor health.' We don't see her any more."

Her visitor laughed. "Yes, I know what you mean. I remember I had a roommate in my freshman year who used to wear a little knitted shawl most of the time and complain about how nobody sympathized with her. Where has that sort of girl gone?"

"There she is—nowadays she's outdoors in a snowbank when she isn't working," said the faculty friend, as a crowd of be-knickered girls with skis over their shoulders turned in at the gate. "If a girl is really not strong enough to stand college work, she cannot enter; and if she is, there's the best medicine in the world to make her stronger still. There is no room for the knitted-shawl girl now!"

But perhaps you are not thinking of one of the eastern women's colleges—maybe you intend to go to one of the big western co-ed colleges. These great state universities have a very different atmosphere from the other sort of college, but all are alike in their love of sport. One of the most unique of the big universities is the University of Colorado, at Boulder, where you have all the Rocky Mountains at your front door. Close in to town are the bright red foothills, that run up into such sharp, queer shapes, with deep canyons cutting between them, and roaring mountain streams tumbling down the canyons. The steepest and reddest of these foothills is called Flagstaff, and on top of Flagstaff the University has a lodge where every one goes for winter sports. It is a wonderful place for learning to ski through forests and uphill, as well as in open country; and oh, it is a marvelous place to come back to at the end of an afternoon's snowshoeing, when you have an appetite that there is not enough food in the world to satisfy, to find that *perhaps*, given sufficient camp food, and an open fire, you can survive this time! There is a thrill about skiing in the very shadow of the Rockies that one misses on



The latest thing in snow maidens, achieved by Vassar girls whom you see in the background

lower ground. Back beyond Flagstaff tower the great peaks of the Front Range, Pike's Peak, Gray's, Long's, with their shining winter-time summits, and the keen bright air blowing down their alleys. You may have winter amusements elsewhere, but at Colorado you have one sport which only one or two other colleges in the world can offer, and that is the chance to climb some of the world's great peaks, and walk across a glacier, within thirty miles of the campus.

As long as it is possible to make that thirty miles by auto, skis or snowshoes, so long do the students of the University go up to University Camp, 9,000 feet up in the Rockies, to spend their week-ends or vacations. When the heavy late winter snows come, sometimes twenty-five feet deep, University Camp retires from active life; but whenever there is any chance that an explorer could find it without sinking a well in the search, the University overflows to University Camp. The Colorado Mountain Club, one of the great mountaineering clubs of the world, shares in the use of University Camp so that whenever climbing is possible, there are experienced mountaineers to take charge of the trips. From the camp as a base, there is no end to the explorations that can be made. The high peaks are out of the question except in summer; but snow lasts on the mountainsides until far on in June, giving a chance to lovers of winter to stretch their season by coming up from the Maytime valley to the January camp. The big climbs, of course, are not something that you will do in an afternoon's stroll; but if you are a good hiker and keep in good condition, you will probably do a number of them before you get through your four years. Girls do as well as men at mountaineering, for the chief requisite is to be active and to have a steady head, rather than to be very strong.

If you go to college in the South, your winter sports will be a different kind. In the far South or South West, of course, where frost may come at night but days are warm, "winter" sports will be the summer sports of the North. December will find you swimming or going on bacon-bats, and in March you will be wondering whether there is any such thing as a cool spot on campus. College girls in California would as soon be found without a toothbrush as without a knapsack and hiking shoes; for



Off for a winter's game of golf in Agnes Scott College, Decatur, Georgia

the best of the outdoor season comes during the regular term time, before the dry and dusty summer starts. In the colleges of Virginia, North Carolina and states of similar latitudes, your stand-bys will have to be hiking and horseback riding. At Sweetbriar or Randolph-Macon, hockey lasts until Thanksgiving, and with luck a scratch game may be played even in December, but such seasons are rare. You must give up the sports that require snow and ice; but in return are the long, mellow Appalachian autumns, lasting far beyond the northern season, and the

springtime sports that begin while girls in New England are still trying to persuade themselves that maybe they can have one more day of skiing, even though it is the middle of March.

Following the example set by the Dartmouth Outing Club, many girls' colleges, as well as men's, have a carnival of winter sports, sometime after the sorrows of "semesters" are over, and every one from the gravest senior to the youngest freshman absolutely must celebrate. The carnival may be anything from an evening's skating upon the campus pond, with Japanese lanterns, a fur-bundled band playing on the shore, and maybe a "man" to skate with, up to a whole program of ski-jumping and fancy skating, with contests lasting several days, and high rivalry between classes. But though such occasions mark the high lights of a winter season, it is not these which count, after all, thrilling though they may be. It is rather the late afternoon of a winter day, when you skate on the dusky pond, and motion comes as easily as to a bird; or it is the long snowshoe hike of a Saturday or Wednesday, when you make the discovery that the coldest, clammiest thing in the world is the sandwich you pull from your knapsack and eat in the middle of a snowbank. It is the half-hour of skiing that you wickedly snatch between the "Libe" and the "Lab," when you ought to have been writing your daily theme. It is the beauty of light shadows upon the whiteness of the snow, the loveliness of the winter sun making rosy hill tops against the sky picture that will remain. But most of all it is the girls who share the snow, the sun and the open air with you, all the crowd of them who love

"Sports for the sport of it—sportsmen all"



Almost any winter day, visitors see Mount Holyoke girls snowshoeing across campus



If you attend the University of Colorado, you have the Rocky Mountains at your front door



Sidney resented the rotting dory against which they were told to lean

Laughing Last

"Hook" was the mystery's pass-word and some one says it in this installment of our serial

By JANE ABBOTT

Illustrations by Esther Andrews

So far in this story

SIDNEY ROMLEY is one of a family of four orphan sisters who live in the old Middletown house which their father Joseph Romley, a noted poet, left to her and Isolde and Trude and Vick. They have been befriended by the "League" of men and women who paid the mortgage but who expect them to keep the house open for all curious visitors. The Leaguers are a great trial to the Romley girls. Sid, at fifteen, decides she is grown-up and demands her turn at "The Egg," an annual royalty coming from their father's poems. This is given her by her sisters. That very day, a boarding school visits the poet's home and Sid meets Pola, a most alluring girl. Pola urges Sid to get out and have adventure.

Meanwhile, Sid's sisters are wondering what to do with her that summer. Vick has received an invitation to travel with an aunt. Isolde is to help a professor with a book. And Trude has been invited to visit "Aunt" Edith White's beautiful home. Sid startles them at this point by saying that a forgotten cousin on Cape Cod has invited her, too. She does not tell her sisters that she discovered the cousin's name in an old "family tree" book in the attic and knows nothing more about her.

So Sid starts on her adventure. She is depressed by the Cape. But an old man, Captain Phin Davies of Wellfleet, shows her interesting points and hints of pirates of whom one seems to be Jed Starrow. When Sid arrives, to her dismay she is met by a Mr. Dugald Allen, an artist who is her cousin's "boarder." And the lovely large home of which she had dreamed proves to be only a small cottage, where they eat in the kitchen. Her cousin is not cultured but "queer" looking, with a grandson, Lavender, who is sadly crippled. Sid decides to go home. Next morning, however, Mr. Dugald makes her see the fine things he has found in his friends. And Sidney stays, enjoying trips to Lav's anchored boat, *The Arabella*, and making friends with Mart Calkins, the girl next door. She lets Mart chop off her hair. She goes barefoot and haunts the wharf. When, one day, she overhears Jed Starrow say something suspicious to a man with an iron hook for a hand, she insists to her friends that they are pirates and swears Lav and Mart to secrecy, with a pass word, "Hook," if any of them discovers a clue. She remembers that Captain Phin Davies mentioned Jed Starrow. So when she drives to Wellfleet with Miss Letty Vine, the Cape music teacher, she startles Captain Phin with the mystery. He makes her promise not to go on the wharf at night and tells her that diamonds are being smuggled in; a piece of information she is to tell no one.

Chapter 10—Pola

For the next few days Mart and Lav found Sidney strangely quiet. Sidney on her part wondered if they could not tell, simply by looking at her, that her uncomfortable heart carried a great secret. Shut away from them

by her promise and able to find no clue to the mysterious activities of Jed Starrow either on the wharf or elsewhere, her thoughts flew to her sisters. And to Mr. Dugald.

"I wish the girls knew him," she said to herself. "He's so much nicer than any of their suitors, nicer even than any of Vick's." And she pondered the difficulties of bringing about an acquaintance between Mr. Dugald and any one of her three sisters. For romance was never far from Sidney's imaginings; she invariably endowed every young man who came to the Romley house for any sort of reason with deep purposes of wooing. But this situation offered obstacles to even Sidney's imagination; miles separated Mr. Dugald from the charms of her sisters. However, obstacles only stimulated Sidney.

From point of romance Vick offered the most possibilities. But Mr. Dugald did not seem Vick's sort. Anyway, she wanted Trude to have him, dear old peachy Trude who had never had any beau except her lost love! Forthwith Sidney began her weaving and found it amazingly easy. She talked through supper about Trude and took it as a promising sign that Mr. Dugald himself asked her all sorts of questions as though he "thirsted" to know more. And Sidney answered generously.

After that, Trude's name crossed the conversation of the little family frequently. And then one morning, when Sidney was helping Mr. Dugald clean his brushes, she told him of Trude's lost love, of the one whose letters she was keeping because she, Sidney, had seen her hide them away. She did not tell much about it for the reason that she herself knew only a little and also because a strange look went suddenly over Mr. Dugald's face.

"Put on the brakes, little sister, aren't you letting me into secrets that perhaps your Trude would not want me to know?"

Sidney's face flamed. She knew Mr. Dugald was right. "I—I just got started and didn't think. Can't you forget what I said as though I didn't say it?" she pleaded.

"I'll forget what you said," Mr. Dugald promised, knowing perfectly well that he could never do so.



Sid did not want Pola to see Aunt Achsa

Then something happened that put pirates and secrets and romance completely out of Sidney's mind, something so amazing, so unexpected as to turn her world on its head. Pola came!

One morning Mart hailed her, breathlessly. "Sid! They want us to pose for them. That Craig woman and the others!"

Sid gasped, unbelieving. The girls had often wished they might pose for some of the many artists there. "But— but," she protested. It would be fun to pose, of course, but not dressed as she was at that moment! When Vick had posed for an artist, she had worn a black velvet dress.

"Miss Craig said to get that—that—other girl," Mart explained as they ran, "and they're waiting."

Miss Craig, a pretty, earnest-eyed woman in one of the summer art classes, came forward to meet them. Her glance went over Sidney's figure with enthusiastic approval.

"You found her! How nice."

"Can't I go home and change my dress?" pleaded Sidney. "I have an awfully pretty crêpe de Chine that—"

Miss Craig cut short Sidney's appeal. "Gracious no! That would spoil you. You're—why, you're *precious*."

Sidney resented her "precious." She resented other remarks that came to her ears from the art students. "A perfect type—native girls—freedom—wild beauty." She resented the rotting dory against which they were told to lean. Vick had leaned against a crimson velvet chair.

Sidney found posing in the morning sun not the lark that Vick had declared posing to be. After an interminable time, Miss Craig called out cheerily, "There, that's enough for this morning." And from her bag she took two crisp one dollar bills. "Take this, girls. We are ever so grateful. You were splendid types."

Sidney's hand had barely closed over her dollar bill when she spied a woman and a girl slowly walking along the wharf. The girl looked startlingly familiar to Sidney. She gave a little gasp and ran forward.

"Pola!" she called loudly.

The girl turned in astonishment, then advanced laughing. "Why, you're the Romley girl, aren't you? Of *all* things. What are you doing here?"

"I'm visiting my aunt," explained Sidney, suddenly conscious of her appearance and of her chopped-off hair.

"Oh, so they hire you to pose? What fun! I suppose that's some sort of costume they make you wear, isn't it?"

"Y—yes," Sidney faltered, miserably. Pola's manner was prettily condescending and she made no move to join Sidney on the beach.

"Mother and I are motoring," Pola went on, airily surveying her own trim and elegant person. "And I made her bring me down here to see my cousin. He's an artist and lives here summers."

"Pola!" her mother called sharply.

Pola waved her hand toward her mother, "Yes, mama!" Then to Sidney, "Isn't it simply rare our meeting like this? I must run now. Bye-bye." She gave the slightest flip of her hand in sign of leave-taking and ran lightly toward her mother.

Sidney's eyes devoured the dainty clothes, the buckled pumps. Pola—the Pola she had carried enshrined in her heart! That heart hurt now, to the core. She had dreamed of meeting some time, somewhere, had planned just what it would be like and what she'd say and what Pola would say. And now Pola had turned a shoulder upon it.

Mart's laugh roused her. "Who's the doll-baby?"

Sidney turned fiercely. "She's a friend of mine," she cried, in a voice she made rough to keep the tears from it. "And she's not a doll-baby."

"All right. Go and play with her then." And with that Mart swung on her heel and stalked away, her head in the air.

Poor Sidney hurried back to Sunset Lane to hide her humiliation and dismay. For some reason she could not understand, she had offended Mart. And Pola had snubbed her. It had indeed been a cruel fate that had brought Pola out on the wharf at that precise moment!

That night, clearing up the dishes while Aunt Achsa went to Tillie Higgins', Sidney pondered sadly over the things she had longed to learn of Pola. Her name—why, she didn't even know her name! What had her boarding school teacher said of that theme which she had written of the school's visit to the Romley house in Middletown? Where did Pola live? Of course she might see her again—Pola had said that they'd be in Provincetown for a few days. But she did not want to see her; she did not want Pola to see Sunset Lane and the little gray cottage and Aunt Achsa and Lavender. Pola would laugh at them and she would hate her!

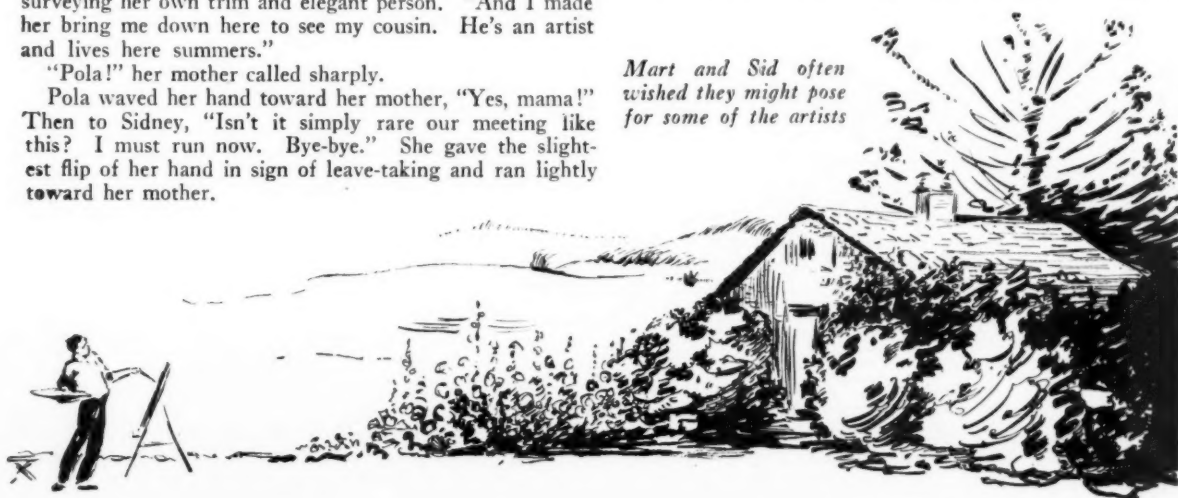
At that moment footsteps crunched the gravel of the path. Sidney turned from the table. There stood Mr. Dugald and with him—Pola.

"I've brought my cousin, Sidney. She blew out to the Cape with that ill-wind this morning. If you know what we can do with her, I'll be your slave for life."

Playfully pushing Dugald Allen aside, Pola walked into the kitchen. "Isn't he horrid? You wouldn't dream that he's really crazy about me, would you? I'm so sorry I didn't have a chance to introduce you to mother this morning, Miss Romley. But mother wants me to take you back to the hotel. You can have a room right next to mine and we'll have scads of fun. You'll come, won't you?" For Sidney's face was unyielding.

Sidney stood straight against the table, her hands, red from the hot dishwater, clasped tightly behind her back. Though she knew Pola was trying to make amends for her morning's rudeness, something within her heart turned hard. "She's only inviting me because Mr. Dugald has

Mart and Sid often wished they might pose for some of the artists



told her to," she reasoned inwardly. And aloud she said in a steady voice, "I'm sorry but I simply can't leave Aunt Achsa. You must come here and we'll find lots of jolly things to do."

"Here?" laughed Pola, glancing around the old kitchen.

"Why not here?" roared Mr. Dugald. "As long as you've broken into our Secret Garden we'll introduce you to some things you've never done before in your life. Only Sid will find some suitable clothes for you and you'd better leave your complexion on the dressing table."

Pola accepted his banter good-naturedly. "I shall be deeply grateful, old dear. I will come tomorrow, if I may. Now, Duggie dear, lead me out of this funny lane or I'll never find my way back to mamma. Goodbye, Miss Romley."

Behind Pola's back Mr. Dugald cast such a despairing, apologetic and altogether furious look toward Sidney as to make her suddenly laugh. Then a thought struck her with such force that she sat down in the nearest chair. Why, if Mr. Dugald was Pola's own cousin, if he belonged to the grandeur that was Pola's, he would never be attracted by poor, plain Trude. Her beautiful hopes were shattered! She left distinctly aggrieved.

Early the next day, Pola appeared with Mr. Dugald in a simple garb that must have satisfied even her exacting cousin. She declared she felt as "happy as they make them" and ready for anything. And Mr. Dugald, resigned to wasting two weeks in entertaining his young cousin, of whom he was really very fond, promptly offered an astonishing assortment of suggestions.

In the days that followed, Sidney's first admiration for Pola returned. Though Pola would never again be the idol, she was much more enjoyable as a chum. Her spirits, though affected, were infectious and gay. In her pretty clothes and with her pretty face she made Sidney think of a butterfly.

With Mr. Dugald they motored to Highland Light and to Chatham. They toured the shops at Hyannis. More than once, Sidney donned her cherry crêpe de Chine and dined with Mrs. Allen and Pola and Dugald at the hotel, feeling very grand and traveled.

But to Sidney's deep regret Pola professed an abhorrence of swimming. "Just please don't ask me," she had begged, shuddering. "I loathe it! It's one of my complexes. You'll spoil my fun utterly if you even try to make me." After that Sidney could not urge.

Often when they were together Pola waxed confidential over her cousin. "He's a thorn in Aunt Lucy's side," she explained one day. "She always wants him to go in for society. Not for Duggie boy, ever! He bolts off somewhere and next thing you hear he's painted a wonderful picture. Of course that makes him terribly interesting and there are dozens of single ladies from forty to fourteen itching to catch him. And Dug's such a simple old dear that he doesn't know it. You see Dug will be dreadfully

rich some day and goodness knows what he'll do with the money."

Sidney literally blinked and blushed that she had dared angle for Mr. Dugald herself! Mr. Dugald belonged to a world that was foreign to the Romley girls, Pola's dazzling, peacock-world.

Sidney felt immensely flattered that Pola had taken her in among her peacocks. And so engrossed did she become in basking in Pola's favor that for a time she felt no compunctions at deserting Mart and Lavender; in fact she did not even think either of them or the pirates. Pirates seemed a little silly when one was with Pola. Moreover, both Mart and Lavender had become suddenly very busy with affairs that kept them out of sight.

But one afternoon Sidney and Pola encountered Mart as they strolled toward the Green Lantern to drink tea. Sidney introduced

Mart to Pola and to cover Pola's rude stare she added quickly. "We're going down to the Green Lantern, Mart. Won't you come with us?"

"No, thanks. I'm going to do something lots more exciting than sitting there. And I'm in a hurry, too." And with that Mart swung on past them, her head high.

Sidney had a moment's longing to run after her and coax her to come but Pola's light giggle choked her. She hated herself because she did not tell Pola at once how bravely Mart shouldered her responsibilities, about gran'ma who looked to Mart for everything. Instead she simply walked along and let Pola giggle. But the tea tasted bitter to Sidney and the Green Lantern had no allure. She vowed to herself that the very next day she would hunt out her chums and her old pastimes. Pola and Mr. Dugald must plan without her!

She had promised to dine at the hotel with Pola and her mother but, as soon as she could after dinner, she returned to Sunset Lane. Because of her determination her heart was lighter. Her way was made easier, too, for Mrs. Allen had told Pola at dinner that the "Truxtons were at Chatham Bars" and had promised to motor over next day that Pola might visit Cora and Millicent Truxton.

Sidney found Aunt Achsa alone in the cottage on Sunset Lane.

"Where's Lavender?" she asked, wishing Lavender was at home that she might begin "making up" at once.

"Don't know. And I wish I did. I'm as worried as can be."

"About Lav? Oh, what's the matter?" For Aunt Achsa was close to tears.

"He's acted so queer lately. Cal'clate you'd of notice it if you hadn't been off so much with Mr. Dugald's folks."

"But what does he do, Aunt Achsa? He looks all right."

Now Aunt Achsa hesitated. One tear separated itself from its fellows and rolled down her withered cheek.

(Continued on page 32)



"Dug is a thorn in Aunt Lucy's side," Pola confided

Friends with Helene

*A story written and illustrated
by Girl Scouts*

By LILLIAN MOORE

Age 12, Holly Troop 5, Baltimore, Maryland

Illustration by Gerda Flink

Golden Eaglet of Senior Troop 1, Manhattan



HELENE LAFAYETTE was as French as a High School girl could be. Having lived in France till she was seven, and in America till her present age of sixteen, she spoke both languages fluently. She never studied her oral French lessons, but always recited perfectly; she always did her written work. Consequently, her French mark was always—"Excellent."

Therefore it was with a light heart that she hurried from a French test to the study hall. The girls of her class were softly whispering to one another and asking each other what they expected their test marks to be; no one ever asked Helene. There was no use in it.

Every girl in the class except Helene opened her French grammar, determinedly vowing to "do better next time." Helene took out her English textbook and prepared to study her assignment. But she could not settle down. The one thing that her mind always wandered to was the French Club "rep." and the bazaar that she would plan—or help to plan. How Helene wanted to be on that committee! But, of course, Marcia Evans would be the representative—she always was. It seemed to Helene, at that moment, that Marcia was everything. Captain of the class "gym" team, student "rep.", member of the school's basketball team—in fact, Captain of it—and last but not least, the best patrol leader of the high school Girl Scout troop, Marcia was easily the most popular girl in Helene's class. Helene had always been afraid to join the troop.

In a moment of hate, she stared grimly at the back of Marcia's curly brown head in the seat ahead of her. If Marcia passed a note to the other members of the class during that all-too-short study period, Helene did not know it.

That afternoon, as soon as Miss Burke dismissed the class, the girls, except Helene, met in the study hall, Marcia naturally in charge.

"Girls," said Marcia, "Helene Lafayette would make an awfully good French Club 'rep.' for us. I want you all to vote for her as our representative for the bazaar and for all other events that the French Club will have. Girls, please vote for her. She's great, she really is."

"But Marcia," broke in Amelia Sharp, secretary of the class, "we want you as our 'rep.'"

"That's right," chorused the class.

"But Melia," argued Marcia, "that's the trouble, you don't know Helene. She is just a great girl!"

"But, Marcia," continued Amelia, "she has no ability for that sort of thing—no executive ability. You have."

"Neither did I before last year," replied Marcia, persuasively. "She's so adaptable, girls, she'll learn easily. She is marvelous in art, and brimming over with original ideas—and as for her French—there's no use mentioning it. Oh, she wants the office terribly. Please!"

"Oh, Marcia!" exclaimed Amelia, "she is good in those studies, but she doesn't fit in. Why just look at Anne Sherman, president of the senior class and chairman of

the committee! Would Helene, a foreigner, fit in with her?"

"Oh, I suppose the class will go crazy and vote for her. I won't!"

"Girls, how many of you will vote for my Helene?"

"I will!" shouted thirty-two hearty voices: only Amelia remained in scornful silence.

Next day, as the last member of the class took her place in the French class, Miss Antoinette said, "Girls, we will now hold the election of representative for the French Club and its bazaar. I will leave it to the good judgment of the class. Are there any nominations?"

"I nominate Marcia Evans!" cried Amelia, with a triumphant glance at Marcia, who sat, pale and white, in her front seat.

Helene replied: "I second the motion."

"Are there any other nominations?"

Mary Jimpsons, a girl of insignificance in the class jumped up. "I nominate Helene Lafayette!" Immediately there was a chorus of "I second the motion."

Helene stared.

"If there are no other nominations, will the candidates please leave the room?"

With a last, appealing glance, Marcia crossed the floor followed by Helene, who was trembling with excitement. She realized that she stood no chance against the wonderful Marcia Evans.

When she again entered the room, Miss Antoinette was saying, "Girls, I take great pleasure in presenting to you our representative. I am certain that she is a girl of great talent. This girl is—"

Helene sank into her seat with a sigh of disappointment. Of course Marcia had won!

"—is Miss Helene Lafayette," finished the teacher.

Helene thanked the class, and in a daze she sank into her seat. Marcia felt triumphant. Gaily she nodded to the girls who had kept their promises.

"Marcia! Marcia!" It was Helene's voice, as she rushed after Marcia that afternoon as she was going home.

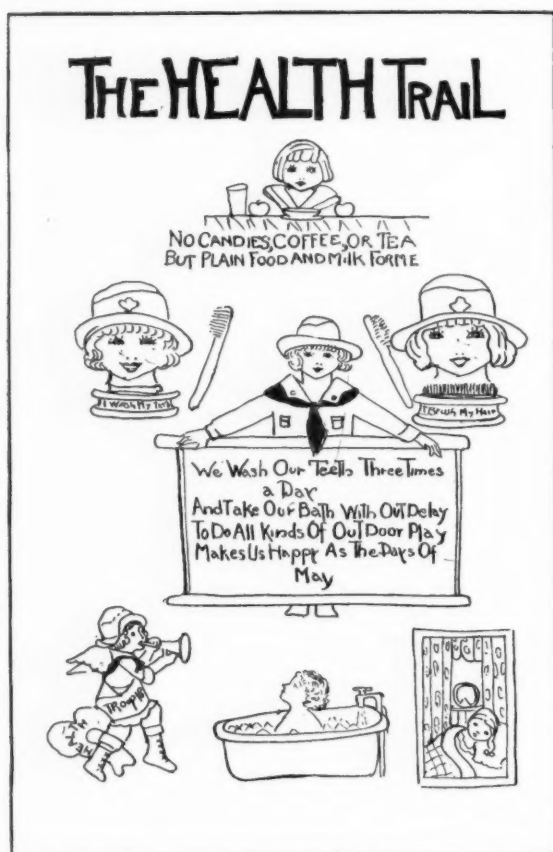
"Oh Marcia—Miss Evans! I cannot take the office; it is yours! It was you who did it!" Helene looked appealingly up into Marcia's brown eyes. "I have found it, Marcia! Beneath your seat in the study hall."

She held up a torn scrap of paper, which bore the inscription:

"Dear Girls:—Please meet me in the study H. after school—It's about the French Club 'rep.' M. Evans. P. S. Pass to all except Helene L."

Marcia looked down into Helene's upturned face and thought, "There! It serves me right, passing notes. Never again!"

(Continued on page 41)



This was the winning Girl Scout poster

BACK in 1923, it was a new kind of trail to the Girl Scouts of Atlanta, but every one liked it so well that we voted to have one again in 1924. In 1924 our plan was even more popular than in 1923 so that we have now made the trail into an annual affair with contests for songs and jingles and stunts and posters and a week in camp for the girl who proves to be the best trail follower.

What kind of trail is it? A Health Trail! And these are the reasons why the Atlanta Girl Scouts enjoy it so much. It is lots more fun doing something when all the girls you know are doing it, too. Not only do the Girl Scouts follow our Health Trail but the Girl Reserves, the Camp Fire Girls and the Junior Red Cross girls join in. This makes it seem like a much bigger thing than if we had it just to ourselves. Our girls are also glad to have the splendid physical examinations and to learn just what they should do to have excellent health. Years ago, it actually was stylish to be pale and weak! But that day has passed. Good health is stylish now! And the way to get it is to know whether you are underweight or overweight whether your tonsils or your teeth or your eyes need attending to. At least, that is what our girls have discovered. And it is a real beauty secret.

This is the way the Health Trail started. Girls in the junior high schools of Atlanta, in the first year of the senior high schools and corresponding grades in private schools were eligible for following the trail. And Girl Scouts, Girl Reserves and Camp Fire Girls in the grammar schools and above the freshman class in the senior high schools were allowed to enter, too. You can see how much the thing it was to follow our Health Trail when

A New Kind of Trail

How over two thousand girls followed a Health Trail, accompanied by some songs and jingles and stunts

By MAUDE PARRY

Girl Scout Local Director, Atlanta, Georgia

I tell you that over two thousand girls promptly signed up when the plan was announced.

The object of the Health Trail was to see which girls could make the greatest improvement during eight weeks, January 28 to March 22. Each organization held its own contest among its own girls, thus giving more girls an opportunity of attaining a "first place." That is, the Girl Scouts competed among themselves to see which Girl Scout could show the greatest physical improvement; the Girl Reserves among themselves; the Camp Fire Girls among themselves; and so on. Each offered the following prizes to its members: to the girl making the greatest physical improvement during the time of the trail—one week in a summer camp; for the best health poster—a pine needle basket of unusual design; for the best health jingle—a year's subscription to *THE AMERICAN GIRL* (in the other organizations, the magazine which corresponds to our *AMERICAN GIRL*). The Girl Scouts also offered a set of colored bird plates to the troop which presented the best idea for a health stunt to be given at the carnival. The carnival? Yes! Our Health Trail ended with a carnival of all the girls who had taken part, with songs on the program and the cleverest stunts and—but I mustn't get ahead of my story.

To go back to the start of the trail. Since the contest was for the greatest physical improvement, it was necessary that every girl have a careful physical examination both at the start and the end of the trail. The first examination was made by twelve volunteer doctors and a corps of nurses whose services were extended to us by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, assisted by the Health Trail Committee and volunteers from the four organizations.

These examinations were made during school hours by special arrangement with the school superintendent, the school principals and the teachers. All the girls were ready because they had been previously notified by their leaders. Among the Girl Scouts, the Captains had spread the word with mimeographed directions which had been given out at their Captains' Association Meeting. These examinations started at the opening of school and continued through the time of the school session. The principal of each school placed a room at the disposal of the Health Trail Committee and arranged for the girls to come in relays.

Of course every Scout was eager to know just how she stood and just what she should especially work for during the Health Trail. So after their examination, they all went post-haste to their Captains to whom had been sent the records of her own troop. Each Captain then told each girl just what the doctors had discovered, giving her a health chart which she was to keep during the time of the trail. The things that were discovered

about girls who had thought themselves perfectly well! Not scare-y things nor immediately dangerous things, for the most part, but things which needed looking after or they would grow serious in time.

Some girls discovered that they were overweight; others that they were underweight. You will be interested to know that of all the 2,337 girls who were examined, only 39 per cent were found to be of average weight for their height. Not quite half (40 per cent) had physical defects which needed attention. Of these defects, tonsils came first, teeth second, eyes third. And here is another interesting thing about these examinations: the Girl Scouts were glad to be told by skilled doctors just what to do. For they realized that prompt attention to something which is not greatly troublesome now will mean a happier and more enjoyable life later on.

I wish I could tell you the adventures of those health charts! You have all doubtless seen the cunning little books sold by the National Equipment Department for this very kind of records. You may procure them for ten cents apiece and if you have a Health Trail of your own, I strongly advise you to use them.

Excitement increased as the trail neared its end. The girls who were working on posters made haste to finish them. The girls who were writing jingles tried all kinds of rhyme schemes. And every one wondered what her second examination would tell.

The second examination made of each girl at the close of the Trail showed an encouraging gain. Half of the number of overweight girls had reduced. Twenty-five per cent of the underweight girls had gained sufficiently to place them in the "safe" class. Over half of the girls in whom a physical defect had been discovered reported that they had been to their own physicians for "tonsils" or to their dentists for "teeth" and so on.

Later, each girl received a copy of her own record to keep, a duplicate being kept in the office of her own organization. During the past year, many girls have said that they did not stop following the Health Trail when March 22nd arrived, but have done their best to continue what they started then.

The Health Carnival was held one week after the close of the Health Trail, allowing the committee time to check up health books and the results of the examination.

The program opened with our health song to the tune of School Days.

*In days of old
Crusaders bold
Rode forth to fight the foe.
And we today as brave as they
Forth to the battle will happily go.
For Health and Happiness we'll fight
And on each trusty blade we'll write
Our glorious motto "health for all"
Hurrah for our own Health Trail!*

*The girls today
Will lead the way
To healthy happy living.
Raising on high our banner gay
We will press forward and merrily say*
(Continued on page 38)



Catherine Campbell, fourteen years old,
and her winning poster

The Health Family

The Girl Scout Winning Stunt

By Troop 21, Atlanta, Georgia

KNOW THE HEALTH FAMILY?

*The father of Health is Cleanliness
The mother of Health is Happiness
The oldest son is Wholesome Recreation
Some of the other boys are Fresh Air,
Good Food, and Plenty of Pure Water
The oldest daughter is Sleep
Some of her sisters are Good Posture,
Good Teeth, and Good Eyes
The baby is Sunshine
Get well acquainted with the "old man"
And you will be able to get along pretty
Well with all the rest of the family.*

- I. Enter HERALD—in Girl Scout uniform carrying large placard reading "The Father of Health is Cleanliness." Each succeeding character or group of characters is announced in the same manner.
- II. CLEANLINESS enters, crosses to center of stage, bows and takes position at center back.
- III. HAPPINESS—same as Cleanliness.
- IV. WHOLESOME RECREATION—2 folk dancers dance on to stage to first 32 measures of music: 2 swimmers with swimming and diving movements during 16 measures; 2 tennis players, with rackets, during 16 measures; 2 basketball players with balls keeping time to music with appropriate movements, 16 measures; all together during final 16 measures and form in group on right.
- V. PURE WATER crosses stage and takes position in group at rear of stage.
- VI. GOOD TEETH—ditto.
- VII. FRESH AIR blows on to stage, whirls around and takes place in group.
- VIII. GOOD FOOD—with basket of fruit and vegetables gives some to group.
- IX. SLEEP—8 girls with slow dance movements, pose and groupings dance to "Traumerei" and form group right and left.
- X. GOOD POSTURE—2 Scouts in uniform march to Center Front, salute, wheel and take positions on left.
- XI. SUNSHINE—3 little girls dance on to bright music, do short dance and join group.
- XII. All on the stage sing "Yes, we drink no tea or coffee."

Tune: Yes, we have no bananas

*Yes! we drink no tea and coffee,
We drink no coffee today,
But eat some spinach, and carrots and stringed beans,
And all kinds of fruits, and say
We eat old-fashioned tomatoes
Long Island potatoes, but
Yes! we drink no tea and coffee
We drink no coffee today.*

- XIII. Recessional march in couples to tune of Long, Long Trail, played by band.

(Continued on page 38)

Your Own Room

Here upon our new handicraft page, you will, each month, find engaging and practical suggestions for your own or your troop room—painting furniture, making gay curtains—try it!

By PATTEN BEARD

Photographs by the author

ALL of us have a very special interest in our own rooms, whether we have just one room in our own home or a woodsy cabin or a troop room in a neighbor's house or attic or over a garage. When we reach it, we have reached our own place, a realm that is truly ours. It is a comforting place in which to dream, a cosy, inviting place where our best friends may come to visit us. And we wish to make it all that it should be. But in many ways we are all limited. We haven't much space, perhaps. Or not much money to spend. So, because I myself was faced with the same limitations as you, I shall tell you what I have done in my own studio apartment which is really a small, cosy den.

First, I had to be careful of expense. We all have to unless we are pretty fortunate. Yet I am not so sure after all that it is fortunate not to have to be! There is so much fun in planning when one has to do with little!

Before I bought furniture, I planned every detail of my den until I knew every corner of it and just what it should be for. One fascinating way to do this is to make a pasteboard model such as you will find upon page 20. The girl who made this delightful living-room model used only cardboard, paste, colored paper, and her watercolor paints. Yet by the time she had completed her model, she had before her a very clear idea of what color she wished for the walls, the color and material of the draperies, what furniture she would have and just where it was to be placed—even the pictures upon the walls! What is more, she was one step nearer having earned her Homemaker's Badge. If you are not quite sure what a Girl Scout "Homemaker" must have done, turn to page five hundred and eighteen of your handbook, *Scouting for Girls*. Then you will quickly see why making plans for your own room and the other rooms of a house helps you with this badge. You will see, too, why making a model such as that described upon page 20 is a most interesting way of working upon the Homemaker's Badge.

Although I did not make a lovely model of my den, I really did just what that girl did: I planned every detail of my place before I bought anything special for it. And I will show you, from month to month on

this page, how I made it pretty when I moved in with my dog Tylo and my four goldfish.

To start with, you must consider your walls and wall paper. A paper without figure is always best and easiest to handle. If your room is already colored as to wall, you must get bright color or color that gives an accent and use this as a contrast in a way that will not obtrude itself but will give strength and harmony and unity to your room. My color scheme is symbolic: red, blue, orange—red for courage, orange for happiness, blue for the sky of my ideals. Woodwork is light and the orange blends with it. The whole effect is charming. Every one may not like this but I like it: it suits me. It expresses myself. And that is what your own room should do.

If yours is a bedroom, it must be dainty, airy. If a cabin, it must not be a parlor. Let what you plan be suitable as well as attractive. If an apartment, it must be airy, and have as much space as possible. If it is a studio, you can let yourself go and have a jolly, good time! My place is, as you see, dining-room and studio, study, bedroom, hall and stairs, to say nothing of kitchen and bath.

Furniture has to be inexpensive and so a good way is to do what I did! I used unpainted kitchen tables and either porch or kitchen chairs with some comfortable reed ones. I painted my kitchen chairs to match my breakfast set: ivory enamel and trimming of bright orange. The entire set cost less than ten dollars. You may use painted furniture in your bedrooms, painting over old bits of hit-or-miss-discard with ivory enamel. Paint bed, table, chairs. Then you will have a set that is uniform.

Try not to use upholstered furniture. Keep things from growing "stuffy" with upholstery or too many things in a small space. Clear things out. Leave as much space as you can have. Such a place is more restful and is easier to care for, also.

It is safer to keep all painted furniture as much as possible uniform in color. Trim it if you like with your contrasting shade chosen for your color scheme. For painting, use ordinary house paint which comes in cans. Or if you wish high finish, use automobile paint. Unpainted kitchen furniture is easily painted. It costs little and is



Charm in simplicity and color make my own studio apartment what it is



I use what plain furniture is inexpensive and paint kitchen tables and chairs to fit the harmony of my little place

simple in line. So in your rooms, do not attempt to elaborate things. Stick to simplicity. It makes for restfulness as color makes for charm.

In my rooms, one of the things I love best is my swinging couch. It was a triumph! I said it could be done. I saw it could be done. It was done!

I shall describe it to you because it may be just the scheme for you in your troop room or your cabin. Perhaps even in your own room. But, of course, if you are planning chiefly for your own room and if you live in an apartment, your landlord will have something to say about such an affair. But you may be able to convince him as I did mine. The way to do it is to have a strong three inch beam. This should go completely across your room. My couch has always been near a window as my desk or work-table is. Window means outlook. As you will see from the photograph, my couch is hung between two rooms. Close to it is my victor; we'll talk about that later.

The back of my couch is removed. It has big pillows at either end. Its cover is a beautiful scarlet Italian blanket. For if you cannot have a real Indian blanket, girls, an Italian rug or blanket with its soft silkiness of mercerized stuff is a splendid couch cover. They come in all shades. They cost less than most couch covers.



The swinging couch suggests rest, leisure; its back is removed to make it like a day-bed. Its cover is gay in color —an Italian rug

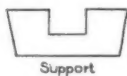


Fig. 1

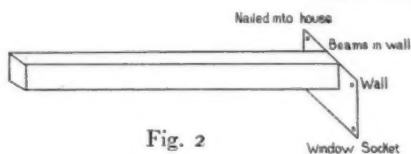


Fig. 2

Mine was four-fifty. And my couch pillows are just every day calico! Yes, orange and scarlet: they exactly fit! It was pure luck!

The hammock beam is supported in a manner that I originated. It is perfectly safe. The hammock must be hung where you can fit the ends of the beam into the wall beams. It goes as in the diagram. Each support is shaped to fit the end of the beam it supports. The supports are as in Figure 1. And the beam fits into them as in Figure 2. You will have no difficulty in hanging such a couch in your Girl Scout cabin but have the beam you use tested.

The couch-hammock of a room in an apartment where the landlord *won't* be convinced will need to be a gliding couch. But such a couch is better and less formal than a day-bed. In fact, it may be used for sleeping or for an extra bed if you have a guest. Usually my guests clamor to sleep in my hammock. "It's such fun to sleep in it, to lie there and swing!"

You can keep the hammock swinging just by a very gentle motion, pressing your feet down to touch its end. Make up the couch as if it were a real bed. Put on your couch cover and gay pillows. Exactly the thing, you see, for your cabin or your den or study-room. I have even used it myself in a combination of study-room and bed-room. Do try it!

Next month, furnishings, curtains and such.

Ideas For Our Homemaker's Badge

From Kalamazoo, Michigan

See design on page twenty

THOSE who enjoy making bewitching miniature models will enjoy cutting and painting and pasting a model such as you will find described upon the next page. The model from which this design was copied is that of a living-room, with the entire arrangement carefully planned as well as the color-scheme. Tan wall paper is pasted on the "walls," which are made of cardboard. The draperies are paper painted yellow with a hint of lavender. Several of the chairs are pictured as being upholstered in striped green and tan material, a sample of which is pasted upon the back of one of the model's "walls."

When you plan your own living-room for the Homemaker's Badge, you will undoubtedly wish to work out your own color scheme and selection of furniture. You will, however find the following suggestive: It is the expenditure planned by the Kalamazoo girl for the living-room of her model on the next page.

18 Rolls of paper, and work	\$18.00	2 End tables	25.00
Glass curtains	7.00	2 Large and 1 small pictures	60.00
Drapes	30.00	2 Candle-holders	5.50
2 Rugs	200.00	1 Book rack	10.00
Davenport and two chairs	185.00	1 Book case	30.00
1 Chair	40.00	2 Sofa pillows	15.00
2 Table lamps	15.00	Wall hanging	2.00
1 Floor lamp	17.50	Total	\$660.00

From Norfolk, Virginia

By Cecelia Levy, Troop 2

TWELVE of us Norfolk Girl Scouts were chosen to take the very interesting course in Homemaking offered us by the Norfolk Housewives' League in cooperation with the Girl Scout Council. The course was made so very interesting that all of the meetings were largely attended and at the end there were twelve young homemakers ready to hang a mop right or to choose the walls of a whole house.

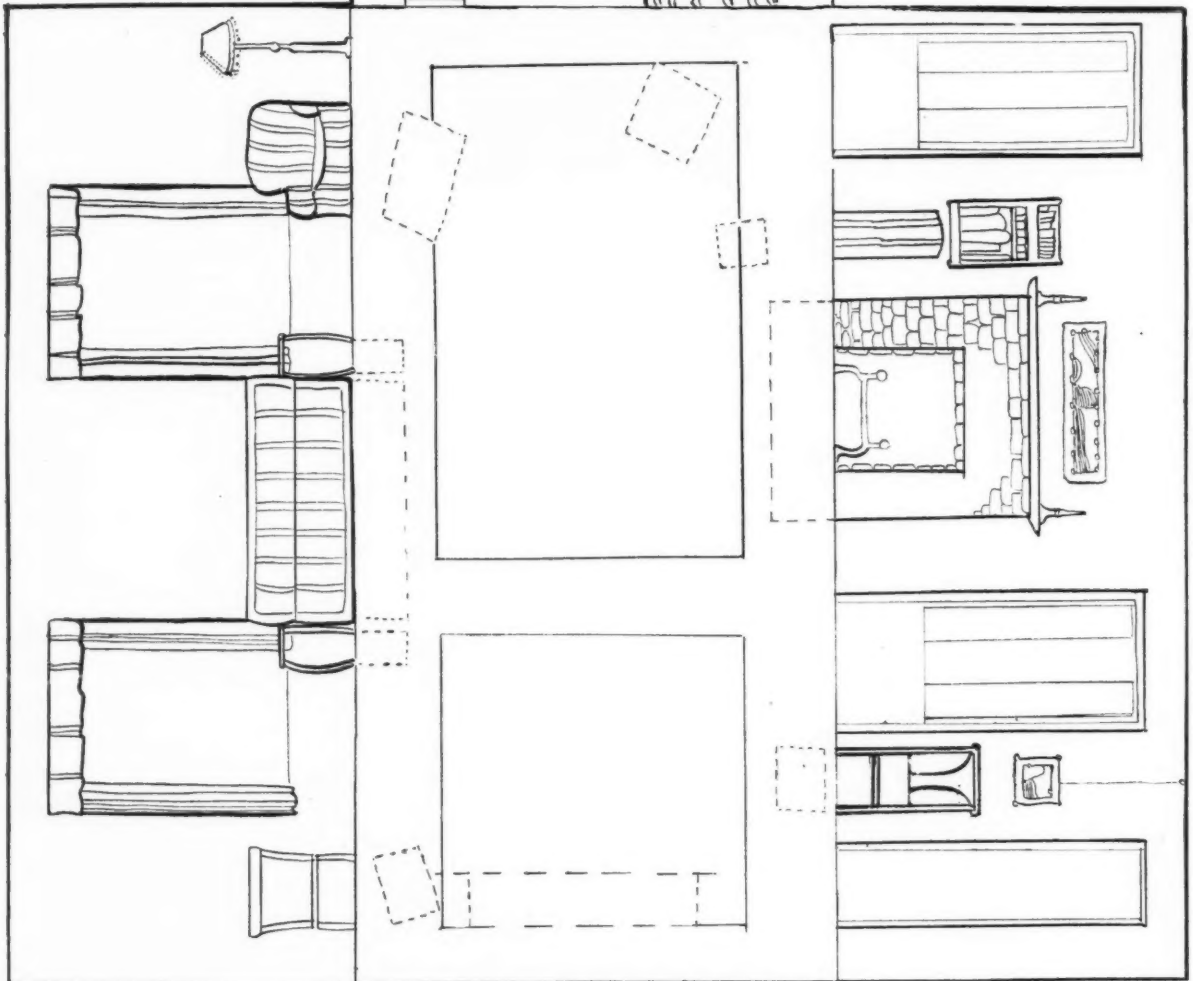
In our course, one of the first things we did was to make a booklet in which we pasted named pictures of a family of about five for whom we were to build our home. We pasted a picture of the exterior of the chosen home and then pictures of the furnishings of the different rooms in it.

The member of the Housewives' League who met with our club impressed it upon us that we should not pick the most richly furnished rooms we could find but the ones that a family of moderate financial circumstances would likely prefer.

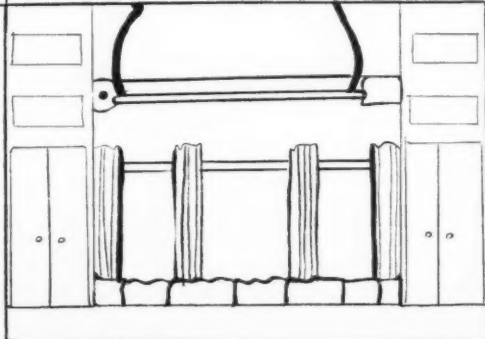
We learned the most reliable system of heating, plumbing and lighting and why such were the best. This we were helped to understand by visiting the different shops and having the methods demonstrated to us, and that certainly was fun! We went to some of the largest furniture stores in the city, hunting for what we needed and in one of them there was the cutest little bungalow built in the store and furnished. Here we discussed papering and the most stylish and serviceable kinds of furniture.

Earn Your Home- maker's Badge

*This is our January
Merit Badge page —
a living-room model
from Kalamazoo,
Michigan which you
will enjoy making*



*Made from cardboard, cut to
desired proportions. Side pieces
represent walls, to be creased
at base. "Walls" thus stand
upright. Entire back covered
with black paper, holding pieces
together when creased. On
"walls" is pasted desired
wall paper. Floor painted to
represent wood; on it pasted
rugs and pillows*



*Hangings, rugs, furniture, pic-
tures, doors are cut from white
paper, painted in desired colors,
and pasted to show room's ar-
rangement. On back of model
are pasted samples of hangings,
upholstery, pillow covers, rugs,
also complete list of cost of
furnishing room given on page
nineteen of this issue*

"Use the Swimming Pools all Winter"

This is our January Sports Page with suggestions made by a member of the American Red Cross Life Saving Service

By COMMODORE W. H. LONGFELLOW (*King Neptune*)



*Are you a "water-proof" Girl Scout?
Be one by next summer!*

on the swimming ladder and in the sport you so enjoy.

If there is no municipal swimming pool in your town or in your school or community house, why not talk with your Captain and start letting people know how much you want one and how much you would use it if you did have it? Many towns have swimming pools today because the Boy Scouts and the Girl Scouts and the men and women of that town asked for it and worked that they might have it.

What shall your winter program be? That depends on what you all can do now. It is well to start with some definite objective. Beginners should try to become swimmers and swimmers should become Junior Life Savers. There is the Junior Life Saving Badge to be won and your Girl Scout Swimmer's Badge, which you pass with the same tests. As soon as Girl Scouts qualify for Junior Life Saving, there is always an opportunity for you to give service in teaching others of the troop who are not so far advanced. It means team-work all along the line to realize the ambition that "King Neptune" has for Scouting which is "every Girl Scout water-proof" or thoroughly at home in the water. It is an all-water route and is good fun all the way.

If your pool has a regular swimming period with instruction, tests can be taken before any of the Red Cross examiners. If there is none, the local Red Cross chapter can arrange to have a

LEARN to swim in the winter in a swimming pool and be safe all summer in the open" is a good slogan for the indoor swimming program of the Girl Scouts. And if you turned regretfully away from your camp swimming hours, there is a ray of sunshine for you in your town's swimming pool. A special period can be set apart there for the Girl Scouts and you can raise yourself another notch

field representative come in from the headquarters of the A. R. C. Life Saving Service to qualify the Girl Scout examiner so that she may award you the coveted Junior Life Saving emblem to sew upon your swimming suit. In this way, one test will give you both the Red Cross Life Saving insignia and your Girl Scout Swimmer's Merit Badge.

Every Girl Scout interested in swimming and every instructor of swimming who teaches a Girl Scout troop should have the new Life Saving Merit Badge Booklet published by the Girl Scout National Headquarters and to be obtained for fifteen cents from the National Equipment Department, 670 Lexington Avenue, New York City. This booklet will tell you in detail just what you must do to progress as a swimmer and will give you many valuable suggestions, no matter how expert you may be.

Can you do this?

As a long step toward your life saving honors, you may see how many of the following you can already do. Beginners can swim fifty feet and a swimmer one hundred yards, free style; fifty feet on the back; do a plain front or racing dive; and recover objects from the bottom by a surface dive.

When your examiner is limited to one session per week, it is very important for you to pay close attention to the instruction of your swimming coach. Aimless diving without direction and merely playing around will not give you that swimming skill which you desire. Good coaching and the closest attention are necessary to get full value from a limited swimming period such as most Girl Scouts have during the winter.

If you have a number of girls in your troop who have already become Junior Life Savers, a competition between teams will be great fun. Divide the Junior Life Savers into teams of two members each, with the following events which make an excellent program:

1. Tired swimmers' rescue relay.
2. Retrieving relay.
3. Head carry relay.
4. Lifebuoy surf rescue relay.
5. Cross chest carry relay.
6. Free style rescue race.

In the first event, the length of the tank governs the distance. Each member of the team carries the other in turn.

The retrieving race is one in which each member of the team in turn brings up an upholstered brick from the bottom. The second member of the team starts when the first has landed the brick. It is necessary to place the bricks carefully in line and to confine each team to the limits of the racing aisle, which is usually marked off on the bottom of the swimming pool.

(Continued on page 37)

**Would you be a Swimmer,
Girl Scout?**

(*"Oh, yes!" says she*)

Earn this Badge, Girl Scout.

(*"How can I?" asks she*)

Our new Life Saving Merit Badge Booklet will tell you how. Send for it to our National Equipment Department, 670 Lexington Avenue, New York City. It costs only 15 cents. An investment in Safety First.

Make Your Hikes Unusual

COME down on the sand, where we will find all sorts of sea treasures to take back to our troop museum. Look! Here is one now. It is a little horse-shoe crab. At least, it is his cast away coat. You will find plenty of them here on the beach. You see as a young crab grows, his horny skin begins to pinch him. That is because it is too stiff to stretch. So out of it he wriggles, tugging until it is off. Then away he goes, happy and comfortable in a new loose skin which has grown under the old one. Just like this, many of the little sea-folk change their old clothes for new ones. And it is these little castaway suits that we find. They are the exact outline of their small owners now absent.

Let us look at this pile of dry seaweed. All sorts of sea treasures may be caught in its branches. Yes, here is a Brittle starfish. Such a queer little fellow he is, with his long arms. When a crab or a fish grabs one of them, the brittle-star snaps the arm right off. That gives the little fellow time to get away, and is much better than being all eaten up. And he can grow new arms easily enough. Look! One of these is only partly grown out again. He will make an interesting specimen for us, since he is quite dead and dry.

And here is a "sand dollar" over here. No wonder he is called a sand dollar, he is so round and flat. Really he is a sea-urchin, a cousin to the starfishes. Just notice his faint outline of a star, where the arms of a real starfish would be. He surely must go to the museum with the others.

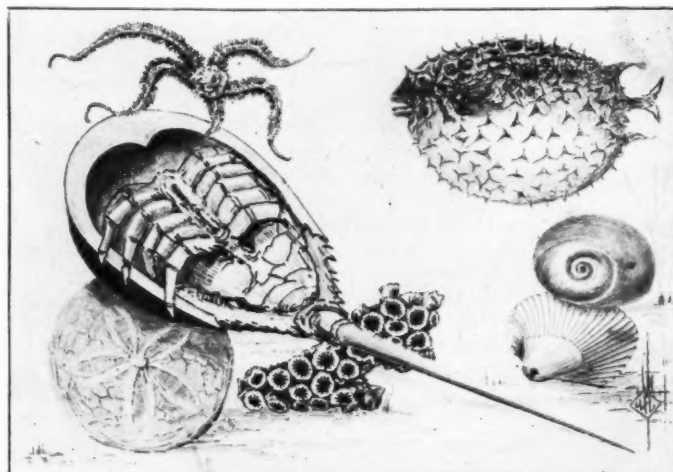
And we must have this big sea-urchin's "test," up here on the sand. It is just like a carved, round box. Those knobs are where the urchin's stilt legs fitted on. He had hundreds of them. You will find plenty of live urchins down in the water. They look like little round cushions full of pins.

Now shall we hunt for shells? Here is a little clam's shell with a round hole in it. That tells us a story. It says that one day a dreadful thing happened. Another big shell creature caught the little clam, and bored this hole right through it. Poor fellow! That was the last of him, for up he was sucked for a meal. Do you see what a perfectly round hole the borer shell animal made? Whenever you find shells with such a smooth round hole as that, you can know that they had a visit from the dreadful borer too.

Are you near the sea? Then try having a sea beach hike like this. If you are not, look about you and plan another kind

By ILSIEN NATHALIE GAYLORD

Illustration by William F. Lora



From left-top around in semi-circle, you find: Brittle starfish, "horse-shoe" crab, "sand dollar," "star" coral, shell through which the sea snail bored, Natica sea snail with bored hole, burr fish

Why, here is the shell of the fellow who did it—this thick round sea snail. He had a sharp drill on his tongue, to use for boring. Natica is his real name. And do you see the little round hole in his shell? He has been drilled himself, by some other boring shell animal. Many of the shell-folk have learned to "bore each other to death" like this.

Here is a piece of driftwood, covered with barnacle shells. They are like those over there on the rocks. You cannot guess what strange things a barnacle baby does. First, it stands on its head on a rock, until it sticks fast. Then it throws away its eyes, and builds up a shell house all around itself. And with its feet it kicks down food through the roof.

These are periwinkle shells scattered around here. Long ago their little owners were popped down the hungry throats of the big sea birds. But there are hundreds of live ones still left over there on the rocks and seaweed. Such a queer little fellow is a periwinkle! His tongue is long enough to wrap around his body, and on it he grows over four thousand teeth. A little horny door just fits his shell house. And sometimes he shuts himself in for months, without a drop of fresh water, or a bit of seaweed to eat.

Here is a piece of "star" coral. And here is a little bread-crumble sponge. This bright red crust on this old shell is a sponge too. Just see the tiny holes all through the shell. It will soon crumble to pieces. That is what the sponges do. They slowly burrow all through old dead shells, and eat them up. That helps to keep the sea beach clean. Ever so many of the little sea-folk help like this to keep the beach clean and tidy.

Look at what is here by this rock. It is a little puffer fish, all blown up into a round ball. Some big fish must have been chasing him. Really the little puffers are small fishes. But when a big fish chases one of them, the little fellow swells itself up into a round ball for protection. What fish could swallow such a prickly mouthful?

But, girls, look at those waves! The tide is coming in fast. We must hurry back now. The rest of the shells and little sea-folk we will leave for another hike. Just a bit of this red and green seaweed we will gather, here on the rocks. Then at camp we will spread it out flat on a pane of wet glass. When it is dry, it will make up into a beautiful seaweed book for our museum which by this time is a most popular troop activity.



The Beholder

"Beauty is in the eye of the Beholder"

The Beholder is a new page which we shall have every month in THE AMERICAN GIRL. It is to be entirely written and illustrated by the Girl Scouts who send in a description or a story or a picture of something interesting they have seen outdoors: birds, trees, flowers, rocks, clouds. Tell about it in not more than 275 words, giving your name, age, and Girl Scout troop number at the top of the first page. Girl Scout artists may draw us headings for this page, of the same size as the one above, in India ink.

To every girl whose contribution is accepted, the Beholder will award a book.



Woodland Pleasures

By LEE WOODWARD

Age 18, First Lieutenant, Troop 22, Hartford, Connecticut

*There is something in the autumn that is native to my blood—
Touch of manner, hint of mood,
And my heart is like a rhyme
With the yellow and the purple and the crimson keeping time.*

THE flaming trees and laughing brook call me to the woods in these autumn days. I wander through and play and talk with the tiny stream of water. The last of the birds cry above, the winds in the trees rustle past, whirling dry bits of color along my path. I feel a part of the woods, and thrill to the joy of sunshine and soft hum of the wood creatures.

Here I see a squirrel busily storing his winter food supply. He stops to inquire as to who this intruder is, and as I watch him silently, he flirts his tail disdainfully and continues his labors as if I were not in existence. But do you think he once takes his mind off me? Never! He is always on his guard, watching, listening for something false or alien.

*The scarlet of the maples can shake me like a cry
Of bugles going by
And my lonely spirit thrills
To see the frosty asters like a smoke upon the hills.*

I leave the busy squirrel and stepping from rock to moss-covered rock along the brook, I wend my way through the stillness of the woods. The stillness that is never still. I stop by a placid pool and gaze in fascination at the reflected beauty, the dainty silver birches, the stately elms, the coquettish maples—all watching in that clear mirror the last of their beauty fade.

NOTE.—The account has been taken from what Lee wrote when earning her Scribes' badge. A nature description as lovely as this one is always in season.—Editor.



Send in your nature snapshots

Each month, the Beholder will also publish a snapshot of a nature subject taken by a Girl Scout. This lovely view of Mt. Ascutney, Vt. was taken by E. J. Norton, Troop 3, Manchester, Conn.

Fashions Among the Flowers

By KATHERINE LOUISE CLERKE

Age 16, Second Class Girl Scout, Spring Valley, New York

A DISCUSSION about the ball, which Miss Rose was to give that evening, was taking place among some of the flowers at the home of Miss Clover. "I have my gown all ready," spoke up Miss Poppy. "It is a crimson gown of the finest material to be found." "Sweet William will surely fall in love with you," put in one of the Pansy twins. Poor Buttercup, alas, nothing but a silly yellow dress could she wear. She sat in a corner, because Daisy, her only friend besides Susan, was home sick, while Susan was off bewitching some gallant youth with her big, black eyes. It was Cosmos' turn to speak and in her delicate voice she told how her gown was plain white with tints of pink. "Ah!" exclaimed all the flowers, picturing in their minds how lovely it would be with her sunshiny face. Blue Bell hoped that Jack-in-the-Pulpit would like her gown of blue. Miss Aster, daughter of the wealthy Mr. Aster said that she would wear royal purple and her sister, pale pink. Marigold would attend in a mixture of deep yellow and brown velvet, with Mr. G. Ranunculus as her escort. The Dahlia girls were very much excited. They were to go in red, yellow and orange.

After promising to stop for Goldenrod and see her lacy gown, they departed to hurry to their mother.

Daffia - Down - Dilly told them that she would appear in a soft creation of yellow with touches of green, and she hoped that Mr. Crocus would ask her to dance. To this they all agreed and after bidding farewell to Miss Clover, they all departed with Heartsease.

NOTE: From a story written for the high school paper of which Katherine is now one of the Associate Editors.

Published each month

Our Patrol Corner

Make a blanket roll

MARGARET CROSS ("Peggy") of the Girl Scout Headquarters, Minneapolis, Minnesota, tells how a very simple and neat way of rolling blankets is the method used during the war in making gauze compresses. A

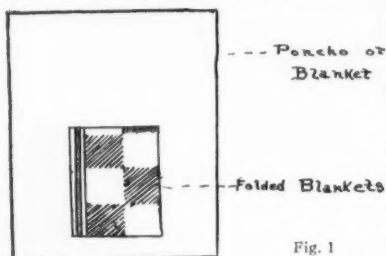


Fig. 1

poncho or waterproof sheet of some sort is best for the outside for protection against dampness and dirt. If this is not available, a blanket about the size and weight of an army blanket is good. A thin blanket does not hold well.

Spread the blanket or poncho out flat on the ground. Fold the rest of the blankets so that they are about two feet by three feet when lying flat. Place these one on top of the other and lay them on the first blanket so that the

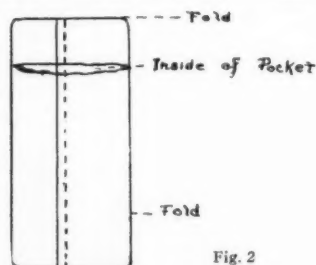


Fig. 2

short sides of the folded blankets just come to the edge of one end of the outer blanket. (See Fig. 1.) Then fold the sides of the outer blanket lengthwise over the folded blankets. To be best, the edges should overlap slightly. Next fold the free end of the outer blanket back on itself making a pocket from ten to fifteen inches deep. (See Fig. 2.)

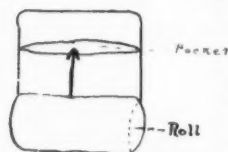


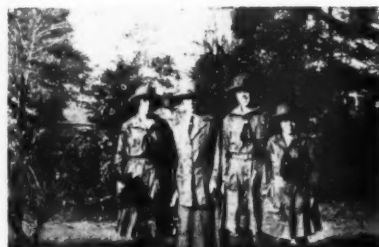
Fig. 3

and roll the roll right into the pocket, thus making a neat, tight bundle. (See Fig. 3.)

This is our Scribes' Corner in its New Year dress. From now on, these pages will be for the exchange of good Scouting ideas with news tucked in for good measure. Send your best plans for our Patrol Corner, your best Scout games, your best

stunts, songs and yells. If what you write does not get into next month's magazine, it will some time. And you will have been a good Scout to our Service File, anyway. *** Give THE AMERICAN GIRL for Christmas. *** On the opposite page, you will see a most interesting picture of a member of our National Board, Mrs. Giles Whiting, at the wonderful Buffalo Bill statue at Cody, Wyoming. This picture was taken last summer when Mrs. Whiting represented the Girl Scouts at the unveiling of the statue. *** Ask for THE AMERICAN GIRL for Christmas. *** There is a great deal of excitement at National Headquarters these days, what with the campaign going on and every one so enthusiastic over the new plans for Scouting. Pretty soon, when you come to visit us, you will find the plague in the entrance hall upon which will appear the name of your town. That is, if you sent in your brick quota! *** Give THE AMERICAN GIRL for Christmas. *** Bronx, New York is, so far as we know, the first Captain's Association to report a 100% subscribing meeting. It was the fifty-cent-for-five-months plan that did it plus the energetic work of one Miss Josephine Smith, a field worker, who certainly did canvass that meeting! *** Ask for THE AMERICAN GIRL for Christmas. *** Providence, Rhode Island and East Orange, New Jersey have Girl Scout families. Have you? Here are their pictures. The Vinal Family of Providence could not possibly be more Scouty! Meriel Vinal, the Girl Scout in the picture, is a second class Girl Scout and so is her mother. Professor Vinal gives training courses for Girl Scout leaders in the Rhode Island School of Education and takes his students out for fascinating nature hikes. We hope to tell you all about those hikes, some day. Raymond, Meriel's brother, is a first class Boy Scout, senior patrol leader, holds a hike master's certificate. In addition to this, Mrs. Vinal helps the

Scribes' Chatter



The scoutlike Tonks family of East Orange, N. J.

Providence Girl Scouts with their Homemaker's Badge work. *** Give THE AMERICAN GIRL for Christmas. *** The Tonks family of East Orange, New Jersey, is no less illustrious. Mrs. Tonks is a tenderfoot, Isabel-la the youngest daughter is a second

class Scout, while Betty and Irene are both Golden Eaglet lieutenants. And Mr. Tonks, although he is not doing concentrated Scout work, is nevertheless, through his connection with the Camp Department of the Y. M. C. A., a kindred worker in the great and glorious outdoors movement. *** Ask for THE AMERICAN GIRL for Christmas. *** Our good friend, Commodore Longfellow of the Red Cross, has sent us some suggestions about our winter sporting. He says, "Beware of thin ice accidents. Thin ice is dangerous. Give it a wide berth. One inch is too thin to hold the weight of a person. Park officials do not open up skating ponds until there is at least four inches of sufficient strength for the weight of horsescrapers and plows. Salt water ice is nearly always dangerous especially when there is running water underneath. Do your skating in mid-winter when

(Continued on page 47)



The scoutlike Vinal Family of Providence, R. I.

or Your Troop Meeting mer in its New Year Dress

Weather—every day is fair
in Scouting.

Vol. I No. 1.



Mrs. Giles Whiting of our National Board at the unveiling of the Buffalo Bill statue, Cody, Wyo.

Help Wanted

Merit Badge opportunity column

Come, Photographers, Artists, Scribes and other ambitious ones! Here is an opportunity for you to have your work published in your magazine.

Pictures of your Girl Scout cabins and rooms—yes, we will welcome them. Take pictures of them. Write us how you got your cabin or room, how you have furnished it. How much it cost. This is Girl Scout "little home" year. Ho, Homemakers!

Pictures of Girl Scout families—yes, these too. We shall have an exhibit of them at our Boston Convention in May. Is your mother a Captain? Is your brother a Boy Scout? Is your father a Scoutmaster or on our own Girl Scout Council? Then you are a Girl Scout family! Ask some one to take a snapshot of you. Send us a shiny print. This is our Hall of Fame.

Pictures of your Christmas celebration and your winter sports—send them all. The reason we have had such lovely pictures in this and our December issue is because girls sent them to us last year. Don't fail us. This is a real service.

Nature observations—interesting stories about what you see outdoors. We cannot receive too many for our new nature page, The Beholder.

Poets, story writers—you, too, may contribute to THE AMERICAN GIRL. We shall publish as much of what you send us as we possibly can.

Courage and a Cabin

Sioux City girls show both

Margaret King, patrol leader of Troop 19 of Sioux City, Iowa and Marion Line of Troop 4 have sent in very interesting accounts of how they procured their Girl Scout cabin, "Elreta." The idea of having a cabin started at their camp two years ago. But where would the money come from? After much discussion, they decided that each troop could raise a certain amount, to which plan the Council agreed.

Meanwhile, an artistic and sturdy cabin had been discovered for sale for \$600 upon an estate. The girls decided to buy it and have it moved to Stone Park over seven miles of very hilly territory! Stone Park is very beautiful with its thousand acres of hills and trees. The spot selected for the cabin is half-way up one of these tree-covered hills on a level strip of ground. The hill looms behind the cabin while the front is smooth for a way, then drops abruptly down to a creek of pure spring water.

The cabin was bought with a part cash payment. Then the city generously furnished tractions and rollers free of cost to move it the seven miles. Oh, what a time they had! Trees had to be cut down to permit its passage. It fell off the rollers three times. But finally it was located. Several men then offered to build the large fireplace.

"Meanwhile girls were working," the accounts read. "The first move was a Cookie Sale which was a great success. Troops gave bazaars, carnivals, plays. Troop 7 were first to pay their money so they were given the privilege of naming the cabin.

"You would love it. And if you haven't a cabin of your own, get one as soon as possible! Ours is built entire-



The new Tree Finder Badge, designed by Annie Hampton Medary, first Lieutenant, Troop 2, Taunton, Mass., in answer to a request published in "The American Girl"

Louise M. Price Says:



Louise M. Price, head of our National Camp Department

When the dead of winter comes, ye Northerners, 'tis time to put on goloshes and smoked glasses and tramp through the glistening woods. Trees shaking down the dust of snow! Animal tracks to follow! Brooks edged with uneven ice! Hillsides loosing "ten million silvery lizards" in the sun! Yes, that's the time for a bracing winter outing.

True, a toboggan cap or tam, a heavy sweater or a mackinaw, a woolen middy or a Pontiac shirt, woolen bloomers or respectable knickers (that is full at the hip and knee), long underwear, woolen hose, mittens or woolen gloves, and Chip-pewa boots or such like, will add greatly to your ability to be appreciative and comfortable. Most anything appropriate, becoming and warm will do.

What *not* to wear is almost as important. I remember one girl who came wearing a new squirrel jacquette Santa brought her, a hat with feathers for the wind to blow, brother's riding breeches, and fine leather, high-heeled shoes protected by sandal overshoes. The first day we had slush under foot and the next day ice. Her eyes and thoughts were on "non-essentials" all the time for she couldn't keep her feet on the ground and her eyes on the sky. And neither can you nor I! Moral: wear sensible clothing you can forget. Also, take a change, so that if you get wet you won't have to go to bed while you dry out!

A Girl Scout needs her tools with her, so carry in your mackinaw pockets your Scout knife, a compass, a waterproof match box and a geological survey map (from stationers or Washington, D. C.) of the countryside. Wear your wrist watch and learn to tell directions by it.

A permanent shelter is important, of course, if you stay over night. An old farm house or a log cabin with an open fire place is just the thing.

(Continued on page 45)

Girl Scout Winter Sports



ABOVE: If you think this winter stunt of the Lock Haven, Pa. Girl Scouts is easy, try it yourself on skis!



ABOVE: Lightly across snow, a winter hike on snowshoes is quite the thing among these Girl Scouts of Gwinn, Mich.

The Girl Scout is a doors girl. She is 'bigger than her weight' to care for half a kinds of conditions. She answers the call of joy with a joyous shout. She is out in her element or her swimming. According to her where she lives.



BELOW: It's a tame bear and a Kingston, N. Y. Girl Scout giving him a box-on-skis ride



ABOVE: This toboggan hasn't spilled yet—so why be backward in accepting the invitation of these St. Johnsbury, Vt. Girl Scouts just ready to start?



LEFT: Iceboating is enjoyed everywhere. The failure of it is the difficulty not made by the Scouts of Detroit.

RIGHT: Winter sports are different—here at West Palm Beach. The "going along" is from an iceboat.

ports—Take Your Choice

Girl Scout is a out-
girl. She learns to be
r than weather,"
for her under all
of conditions. She
rs the all of winter
joy about, and
in her mackinaw
swimming suit, ac-
r to the climate
here she lives!



ABOVE: This is leap
frog on the ice of
Whitefish Lake.
Whitefish, Mont.
and Girl Scouts play-
ing it with a will



ABOVE: This Syracuse,
N. Y. Girl Scout is
getting ready for a
cozy evening around
the fireplace of her
winter camp

ever been a ski carnival?
at Co Hill, which be-
the Massachusetts Girl
l where it is to be had
the year round



ABOVE: Skating is another
popular winter sport with
the blithesome Girl Scouts
—this picture was taken
at Camp Andree in one of
our many winter camps

BELOW: "If you have-
n't a sled, try a log,"
says this Girl Scout
at Duluth, Minne-
sota's winter picnic

Iceboating is not be en-
everywhere because of
fure of it disappear, a
ty not with the Girl
ts of Detroit, Mich.



Winter on that are
at—here some of our
Palm Beach Girl Scouts
along" what is far
om an ice party



OUR PUZZLE-PACK

The Winter Puzzle

Puzzle Jack and Puzzled Jill are good skaters and now they are on their way to a Girl Scout Winter Camp. There they expect to take part in a tournament of winter sports and Jack is showing Jill a very appropriate sign as they glide by.

Put letters in the blank spaces which vertically will read the names of two winter-sports and horizontally will also make regular words. See also if you can complete "The Butcher-boy's Lament" by supplying a different word in each blank using the same five letters.

The sign in the foreground is a warning in anagram, the letters being slightly misplaced, and somewhere in the picture we have hidden a picture of Jack Frost.

Scout Puzzle

By JOSEPHINE HOORNBECK,
Troop 15, Montclair, N. J.

By adding one letter at the beginning of each of the seven following words, seven new words will be formed and the seven added letters will spell something which every good Scout should be doing.

Eat, bony, air, it, deaf, ear, ale.

A Beheaded Word

Behead something popular in winter and leave a girl's name, behead again and leave a word meaning consumed.

Puzzle Jack's Word Square

From the following definitions build a construction of four-letter word squares.

UPPER LEFT

Wagers
The way out
Ebb and flow
To boil slowly

UPPER RIGHT

Electrical term
A smell
Solitary
To travel by wagon

CENTER

A law paper
Uncommon
A plant
A trial

LOWER LEFT

Clothes
Bone of the forearm
Writing fluids
Imposed work

LOWER RIGHT

To walk on
To be carried
Advantage
Writing table

A Riddle

Girls Scouts! Hikers! Nature students! What is it that you will most likely find going through the woods with its head down?

Word Jumping

By changing one letter at a time, make HIKE into CAMP in five moves.

Answers to December Puzzles

THE PUZZLE XMAS-TREE: Beads, Watch, Handkerchief, Comb, Bicycle, Necklace, Perfume, Purse. Santa Claus is between the tree and the presents.
PUZZLE PI:

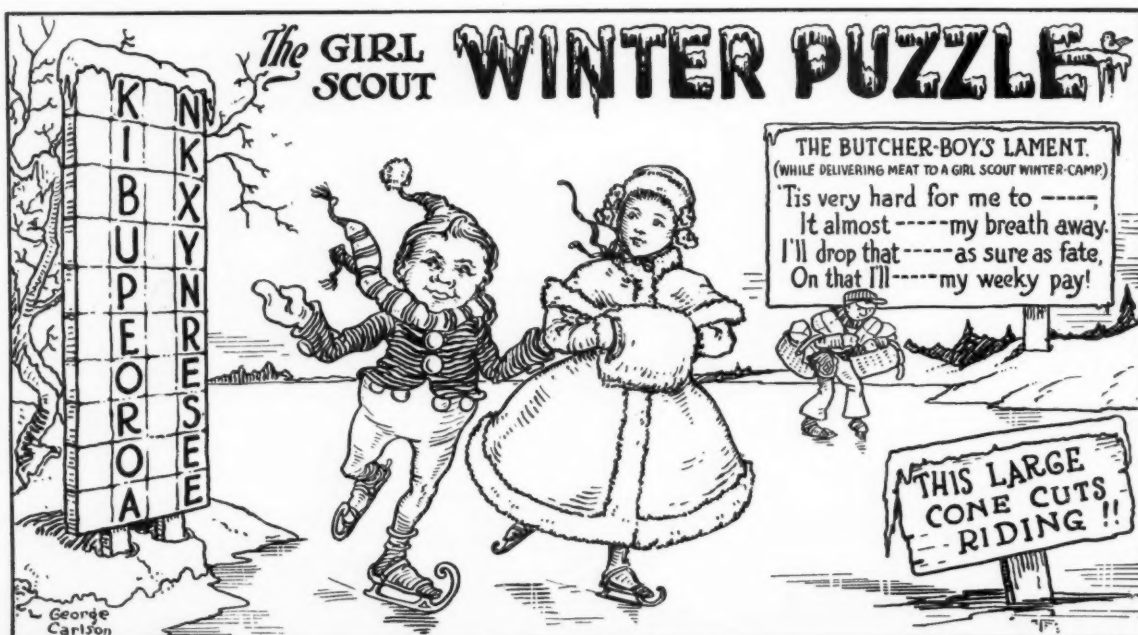
When it's hot and dusty
And your throat is awful dry,
Just think of the cool camp grounds
Where you'll be in warm July.

When it's cold and cheerless
And there's rain clouds in the sky
Just think of the cozy camp fire
Where you'll be in warm July.

CHARADE: Cargo. ENLARGED WORD: A, An, Man, Mane, Mange, Manger, Manager. WORD JUMPING: Head, held, hold, told, toll, tall, Tail.

PUZZLE JACK'S WORD SQUARE:

BUNS	FOOD
UNIT	OKRA
NINE	ORBS
STEMA	DASH
ALOE	
IOTA	
BARDEA	FROG
AREA	ROVE
REAL	OVEN
DALE	GENT



Watch That February Issue of "The American Girl"

*Subscribe so that you may get it.
Renew so that you will not miss
it. Read this page and see why*

Drifting out to Sea!

"We're drifting! They cut the anchor rope! We're drifting out! Fast! Way out! To sea!"

As she comprehended what happened, Pola screamed.

"Oh, Lav, what'll we do? What are you going to do now?" cried Sidney.

"I'm going to swim ashore. It's the only way."

Did Lav reach the shore? And were the men who cut the rope smugglers?

The February installment will tell you. *Now running—LAUGHING LAST by Jane Abbott.*



A Real Scout

by Clara E. Kimber

You voted for Girl Scout stories and here is one for February about Elizabeth Bree who belonged to a troop in the Hughtown High School. All the girls are trying for a prize—but poor Elizabeth, how can she when she must go away from them all? Enter a covered wagon, a cabin, gold miners—more, too!

Coming—a New Kind of Contest

Announced in February

This is an original contest. A Girl Scout had the idea. Our National President, Mrs. Herbert Hoover, is giving the first prize. The contest will be open to every Girl Scout.

Masquerade Costumes

A whole page of them in February. With pictures of them and suggestions for making them, besides. Why hunt for ideas when *The American Girl* will help you?

Interested in Basketball?

Another athletics page for you. Basketball, next month, with all kinds of hints from a young woman who was on the team in college.

Alafair's Celebration

by Katharine O. Wright

Another Girl Scout story! Does your troop ever wonder how to earn money? That is what the Girl Scouts of Sycamore Creek were up against. But where was Alafair's money to come from? Would she be a true Girl Scout and find a way? See our February issue!

Your Own Room

Bewitching curtains for it and ever so many other suggestions. Patten Beard certainly does know how girls like to have their rooms look.

A Valentine Cross Word Puzzle

Yes! Puzzle Jack has one in a heart in his February Puzzle Pack. Watch for that—and others, too, in other numbers. Some are by Girl Scouts themselves.

Ye Merit Badges!

Our whole picture spread in February will illustrate our Merit Badges. Artists, Handy-Women, Flower Finders, all of them! Can you find yourself in our February pictures?

Bones, the Huntin' Dog

Every one loves a good dog story—and *you* will love Bones, who hunted golf balls.

\$1.50

and this coupon

**bring you this wonderful
February number of
"The American Girl" and
eleven other fine big
issues.**

THE AMERICAN GIRL,
Care of Girl Scouts, Inc.,
670 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.

I am sending you \$1.50 for my subscription to THE AMERICAN GIRL, so that I will not miss the features you describe above for February and all the other fine big issues for the year.

Name

Street

City State

Janette and Jack

(Continued from page 6)

ized that she knew his feeling and he didn't enjoy the thought that she did. It was one thing to say, "Why, she's like all the rest of you!" and start a hornets' nest of excitement in a pack of sentimental girls, and another to have Janette turn her blue eyes upon him, and ask that he accord her ordinary civility.

"I'm sure—" he murmured.

"And it must be entirely *business*," Janette interrupted. "I'll tutor him in the ways of studying for an hour each day," she went on, turning to Miss Smythe, "if he takes it seriously and does his best. Otherwise—" (she held out her hands, with a quick, little, dismissing gesture) "all over!"

"It's very good of you," said Miss Smythe, "and I'm sure Jack will be grateful."

"He has no reason to be," said Janette; "I'm doing it for the school, and not for him."

"But I am grateful," he said humbly, and for the first time, the eyes he turned upon her were not quizzical.

"Come to my house after school this afternoon," she said, and then, nodding, she left them. He watched her until a turn of the hall took her from sight, without knowing that he did. Miss Smythe looked on smiling. When he again realized her, she said, "I knew she would help you; she's kind and fair, and she's very interested in the team. And do use your head, Jack, and work as hard as you can!"

"I will," he promised, with all his good intentions sounding in his voice.

During the rest of the afternoon, he thought of how he would work; and of how he would tell Janette that he really had never disliked her—that it was all a sort of joke—that he'd got into the joking habit of belittling her when they were children.

It seemed very easy as he planned it, but it was not easy. In fact it was so difficult that he did not say it until he was a hero, and Janette's mood was a new one.

She would give him no chance to talk, he found, on their first day of study. "Latin to begin with," she said, after they had settled in the library.

"I always do that last," he objected; "I hate it so."

"Page two hundred and ten," she stated crisply. A little stubbornly he waited. She looked up. "You have to take your freshest mind for your hardest studies," she explained. "Please give me credit for reasons for actions; I'm trying to help you by showing you how I've found it easiest to study."

Her voice was gentle as always, but cool.

"Doggone," he thought, "she does hate me, and yet she's suffering me around because of the team. She's a sport anyway!"

At the end of the hour she closed her book. "You've done well," she said in her soft way; "you can study, if you will.

To-morrow at the same time, please," she added before he could thank her; and then, "Let yourself out of the side door, will you? And will you excuse me for not seeing you out? I'm going to study my French now."

At the door he looked back to see her head bent above her French grammar. She'd forgotten him and her hard hour's work with him, he decided going down the street. . . . What the dickens had made him such a—*cad* as to let her see how he had teased the rest—through

Wouldn't you like to go around the world?



Visit Finland— where these Girl Guides live

Next to taking a trip to them comes the fun of reading about the Girl Scouts and Girl Guides of other countries. Stories all about them, pictures of them, the games they play, and a description of the fascinating International Camp in England last summer.

Coming—In our March Issue

her—their vulnerable point? He recalled with shame his having whispered a grudging, "Well, I'll grant she is pretty," to little Jimmy Hopeworth, who thought her the nicest and prettiest girl in the world, and how she—having seen him whisper—had flushed. He'd explain that, some day, he decided, but it was long before he could, and there were many further humiliations before he reached the point where he could speak.

The next day went well; the following day a little less well; the fourth day Jack was lazy, and in a mood that inclined toward teasing. He decided (sitting outwardly docile and inwardly fermenting with mischief) that he would let out a war whoop if he could make Janette laugh. He knew she could laugh delightfully, but with him, she never had. He drew a picture of a cat on his paper, and on the cat he put a high silk hat and a collar. She closed the book (a history) and stood up. "If you feel like

studying to-morrow, come back," she said, "if not, please don't."

He got up slowly, and they faced each other. He said, stiffly, "Sorry." She smiled, and as she did he knew that he would never be done with shame for the careless, slighting remarks he had made about her. She was the best sort he had ever known, and the sort of girl he would choose from all others for his best pal. She was fair and forgiving, and kind and pretty and modest. And she knew how to work, and she was helping him in spite of disliking him. And he liked her.

"Sit down," she said, still smiling up at him.

He settled, and as she opened her book, he began to finger a paper weight. She looked at his nervous movements, and with a wider smile, delayed the start of study.

"Can't I even use my fingers?" he questioned, as would an abused small boy.

"But, Jack," she said, "when you do, you're wondering whether that was cast in one piece! Weren't you?"

He laughed, nodding.

"And thinking it's a clever little thing—and then—to-morrow you'll wonder why you didn't get your lesson!"

"I have a one cylinder brain!" he admitted.

"Nothing of the sort," she contradicted, "But every cross current of thought is carbon that slows up the engine. Now history; think history, see history, feel history! Nothing else. After the lesson look at that paper weight."

"All right, teacher," he answered. And she gave him another smile, but her smiles were infrequent, and he felt that there was small chance of ever winning her over to the place where she would think of him as a friend. One afternoon he said, "Aren't people who repeat things you've said, the limit? Things sound so much—well—" (he stumbled, faltered) "so much *worse* when they're repeated."

She answered coolly; "When I was a small girl," she stated, "and complained to my father that some small girl had told another small girl of something I'd said about her, my father gave me some good advice. He said, 'Never say *about* a person what you wouldn't say *to* them,' and—he added—'if you hadn't enough wisdom to keep quiet, don't blame the second person for doing what you did—'" No, she'd never like him, Jack decided.

Their study hours for a long two weeks were business-like affairs; there were no friendly words, no jokes; nothing but steady boning. Jack's standing improved, and the teachers congratulated Janette.

One day she said to Jack, "I think you won't need my help after next week."

"And then what?" he asked.

"Nothing," she answered, "but—" (she cast him a sly little, half-amused glance) "I don't think your eyes will make fun of me any more, will they?"

He shook his head, and set his teeth on his lower lip. "You won't let me

Interested in premiums? See page 35

be a friend of yours?" he asked huskily, when his shame had died enough to let him speak.

She tried to evade answer, but he pressed her for reply.

"Well," she admitted at length, "I like you, but I don't trust you. You had no reason in the first place to feel unkindly to me, or to treat me as you did. So you see how I feel. I think not unnaturally?"

He said, "No, I suppose not. I do see," looking down at the paper he'd been writing upon. He said it quite jauntily because he was hurt more than he had ever been hurt by any of his friends before.

"If I can ever help you," she said in semi-apology, "I'll be glad to do that."

He said a crisp "thank you" and they went on with their lesson. A week later he told her he thought he had learned how to study; she said she was glad for him, and the after school study hours ceased.

And a week after that—

The creek had frozen, as had been promised on the day that this story started, and it was gay with skating parties. Little knots along the edges struggled with skates; others, earlier to start out, and equipped, went sweeping up to the bend where the bridge declared that one had skated a half mile from town.

Whistles and shouts and laughter carried far in the crisp air. As Jack Merydith fastened the last strap of his skates he heard a shrill scream, and looking up he saw the groups turning toward the summer-time swimming hole, where now the ice was thin.

Some one in, he decided, racing toward them.

Some one shouted to him, "Janette Julian!" as he neared the group. He tore off his skates, pushed through the crowd, and dived. Then the sense of pressure, of battle, the frantic grope, and—up. Against the ice! And again! And once more, and then—at last, and just in time—the air!

They pulled Janette out first, and he followed, numbed blue hands limp on the board that he would have them grip. A passing motor picked up the two dripping young people, swathed them in robes, and hurried them into the town. Then hours of warmth and sleep.

At eight, Mrs. Julian, tear-stained and more than ever adoring, raised the eyes that had been fixed upon her daughter's face.

"It's our young hero," said Mr. Julian, his voice none too steady, "and he came over to see how you are, dear. Will you see him?"

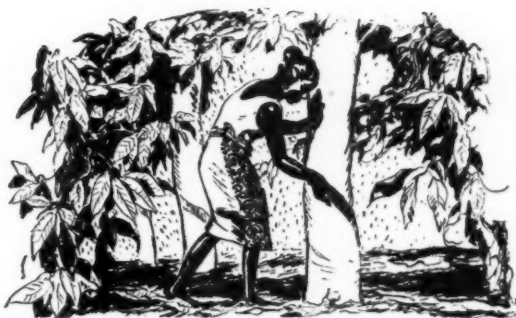
Janette nodded, and struggling up, cuddled back in a corner of the lounge where she'd been lying.

"But I want to see him alone—first—" said Mrs. Julian, as she hurried toward the hall. Mr. Julian followed, and because the great gratitude they felt made deep emotion, Jack made his entry alone.

"Hello," he said, and then, "All right?"

Janette nodded, added a "Yes, thanks

(Continued on page 46)



Without this tree modern athletics would be impossible

WHETHER it's tennis or basketball—volley ball or baseball—nearly all sports depend to some extent on the product of one tree!

That is the rubber tree.

Without rubber many games would have to be played quite differently—or not at all.

Rubber is made from latex—a milky fluid that oozes from the bark of the rubber tree.

The largest rubber orchard in the world is owned by the makers of Keds. In it is produced today some of the finest rubber known.

This is the rubber that gives to the Keds sole a lightness and spring that ordinary rubber can never impart. It explains why Keds soles are so tough and wear so long—and why Keds today set the standard for durability.

Keds vary in price according to grade, size and style — from \$1.25 to \$4.50.

Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company. And every Keds shoe has the name Keds on it. No other

shoe can give real Keds service.

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An athletic-trim Keds model with the popular lace-to-toe feature—built to stand the hardest kind of wear.



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THEY ARE NOT KEDS UNLESS THE NAME KEDS IS ON THE SHOE

In our February issue — two Girl Scout stories

Laughing Last

(Continued from page 14)

"I swum, I'm cryin'. But, Sidney, I set such a lot on that boy. He was such a little mite when I took him and then he's not like other boys and I've had to do a heap of lovin' to make up to him. I've prayed every day of my life for the Lord to keep him happy in spite of things. Land sakes, how I go on—and you nigh to cryin' yourself." For she had caught Sidney blinking back something glistening from her own eyes.

"Aunt Achsa, Lavender is wonderful. He's talked to me a lot and he's going to be a great man some day, I know. He has the grandest plans shut away in his heart and he is happy."

Aunt Achsa looked at her, startled. "Plan—how *can* he when he's—" her lips trembled.

"Aunt Achsa, it doesn't matter what one's like on the outside. I mean—Lav can do anything he wants to do, anyway. And he's working hard reading and studying and some day, after awhile, he'll go away somewhere and study more—"

"Sidney Romley, you're crazy!" cried Aunt Achsa, in a quavering voice. "Go away! How *can* he go away when we ain't even the money to go 'sfar as Orleans? And he ain't plannin' to go on any one's charity!"

"Oh, I don't mean he's going away soon! I shouldn't have told anyway for Lav told me as a secret. But I thought maybe it would make you happier knowing he had great ambitions. And he'll tell you sometime himself."

When Aunt Achsa spoke, it was in a thin, grieved voice.

"It's what I didn't want him to ever take into his head. Goin' off somewhere—alone. For I'm too old to go with him and he'll need me!"

"Oh I wouldn't have told you if I'd thought it would make you unhappy. He won't go for a long time, Aunt Achsa. And when he does he'll come back real often."

"It's like as not his plans in his head that's makin' him act so quiet-like and short-spoken. And last night he didn't sleep in his bed at all!" she said, at last.

"Why, Aunt Achsa, where *was* he?" gasped Sidney, really startled.

"I don't know, dearie. He used to take to spells like that when he was little. But lately he's got over them. I followed him once and I found him out in the sand dunes lying flat on his face cryin' awful—out loud and beatin' his arms."

"Do—do you think he was out in the sand dunes—last night?"

"I don't know. He came in about nine o'clock awful quiet and I didn't ask him anything but I just set his breakfast before him as though the morning wasn't half over. And then he went off again and I ain't seen him since. I thought mebbe it was these folks of Mr. Dugald's—"

"What do you mean, Aunt Achsa?" But Sidney knew what she meant.

"Like as not Lav's plain jealous. Mr. Dugald hasn't had any time for anything but totin' this Pola and you round everywhere and Lav notices it. He hasn't any right to be jealous as I can see for Miss Pola is Mr. Dugald's own cousin, but Lav thinks the sun rises and sets in Mr. Dugald. And like as not he misses you—"



You never read better stories
than are coming in this magazine!

Girl Scout stories—yes, in February. Watch for "A Real Scout" by Clara E. Kimber. Athletic stories—yes, these too. By no means, miss "Barry Keeps the Faith" by Earl Reed Silvers. A prince story—"The Violet Wreath" by Katherine Dunlap Cather has a prince, a draw bridge and a narrow escape!

"I've missed Lav dreadfully. I didn't know how much I missed him and Mart until today when it came over me suddenly that the things I was doing with Pola weren't really much fun—just at first they were because they were different. I'm afraid, Aunt Achsa, that I love different things! But tomorrow I am going to play all day long with Lav and Mart, see if I don't. I can't wait for tomorrow to come!"

CHAPTER II

"Hook!"

Sidney found it a little difficult to take up the fun with her erstwhile chums where she had left off. When she stopped at the Calkins house directly after breakfast, Mart coolly declined to go anywhere with her and smiled scornfully at her bare legs.

"I s'pose your million-dollar friend is otherwise engaged today!"

Sidney truthfully admitted that she was. "She's gone to Chatham with her mother to see some people they know. And I'm glad. I've been just dying for a good swim. Let's go out to the Arabella this morning."

But Mart declared she was tired of all that. In fact she was tired of doing lots of the silly things they'd been do-

ing. She'd promised Gert Bartow to go there right after lunch.

Sidney had no choice but to go on alone in search of Lav. She was discouraged to the point of tears. Yet she knew in her heart that she deserved Mart's coldness. She remembered how she had felt once when Nancy had deserted her for a new girl at Miss Downs'. And it had seriously threatened their friendship.

As she wandered slowly toward the town, Sidney wondered what Mart and Gert Bartow were going to do. Gert Bartow was a girl of nineteen and much more grown-up than even that. Mart had pointed her out to Sidney. Sidney wished Mart had asked her to go with her to Gert's. She felt very lonely.

Perhaps she had spoiled everything. Pola would come back of course, but, somehow, Pola's glamor had faded. After all, what, besides tons of candy and quarts of sweet mixtures and much glitter, had there been to it? The sweets and the glitter and Pola's endless confidences of "men" had left Sidney jaded and bored, though she did not know it; she did know that she was suddenly lonely for Mart and Lav and the stimulating pastimes they seemed to find always right at hand.

As she approached Rockman's, wandering there from force of habit, she saw Lav pushing off in a dory. She ran down the wharf, hailing him.

"Oh, Lav, take me with you!" she pleaded, breathlessly.

He hesitated a moment before he swung the dory back to the wharf. Something of the look Mart had given her flashed into his eyes.

Then: "Come on if y'want to," he answered ungraciously.

As she sat down in the bow of the boat Sidney wanted to cry more than anything else, but Lav's dark face suddenly reminded her of what Aunt Achsa had told her. Perhaps he had been out in the sand dunes last night, lying on his face, sobbing aloud! She began chattering with resolute cheerfulness.

"Isn't it hot this morning, Lav?"

"Where are you going?" Lav answered shortly that he was going out to the Arabella. Sidney noticed a book in his pocket, but said nothing. She ventured other remarks concerning the activities in the bay to which Lavender answered in monosyllables, if at all.

"Oh, look, the Puritan's in, Lav!" And even to this Lavender only grunted, "It's been in two days!"

By the time they reached the Arabella Sidney's remorse was yielding to a spark of indignation. Lav needn't be *quite* so mad for, after all, it had been his own precious Mr. Dugald who had thrown her and Pola so constantly together! And if Lav had not hidden himself away he most certainly would have been included in all the plans. It was not fair in Lav to act so cross.

"I know you came out to read, Lav, and I've some thinking to do, so I'm

going up in the bow and leave you quite to yourself," Sidney said as they boarded the Arabella, and if in her tone there was something of Mart's tartness, it may be forgiven for Sidney had been punished enough.

"I don't care if you hang 'round," Lav conceded. "It's too hot to read, anyways. I thought maybe there'd be a breeze out here. What's that?" For he had suddenly spied an object lying on the deck close to the rail as though it had dropped there from some one's pocket.

At almost the same moment Sidney spied it, too. Both darted for it. Lavender reached it first and picked it up and examined it with frowning eyes.

"It's a knife!" cried Sidney, at his elbow.

"Sure it's a knife. Anybody can see that. What I want to know—"

"Let me look at it. Isn't it Mr. Dugald's?"

Lavender still frowned intently at it.

"No, it isn't Mr. Dugald's. He hasn't been out here for a week. And that knife wasn't here yesterday for I'd 'a' seen it."

"Let me look at it, Lav," pleaded Sidney, for Lav, a curious expression on his face, had covered the knife with his hand.

"It's funny, that's all I got to say. I mean—how it came here."

"Lavender Green, show me that knife this minute! You act so mysterious and I have a right to know why."

Slowly Lavender placed the knife in Sidney's eager hands. It was an ordinary case knife such as the fishermen carried, but Lavender pointed to two initials that had been carved on the case.

"J. S."

"J. S." repeated Sidney, then she cried. "Why—J. S.! That's Jed Starrow!"

"Sure it's Jed Starrow!"

"But how did it get on the Arabella?"

"That's what I'd like to know."

"He's been on the Arabella, Lav!"

"Or some one of his gang."

"Isn't that funny? What would he come here for?"

Lavender was silent. And Sidney, staring at him as though to read from his face some explanation, suddenly fell silent too. The secret that Captain Davies had laid upon her weighed heavily. She wished she could tell.

"Sid, I haven't played square," Lavender suddenly blurted out, flushing. "We promised to tell one another if any one of us found out anything and I did—and I didn't tell!"

Lavender's admission faded beside the fact that he knew something.

"Oh, what?" Sidney cried.

"I wasn't going to tell you. I thought you didn't care anything about the pirates any more. And the laugh's sort o' on me anyway, because I thought we were all crazy to suspect Jed Starrow."

"Tell me quick, Lav," commanded Sidney, quivering with excitement.

Lav leaned against the rail. To tell his story meant confessing his state of mind.

"I guess I've been sore because you

(Continued on next page)

Dear Tommy
I hope you
will come to my
party at my
house on Thurs-
day at 3 O'clock
Margaret Crane



What is a party without Nabisco Sugar Wafers?



READ OVER the invitation carefully again. It doesn't say a word about Nabisco and ice-cream—it doesn't need to.

For Nabisco and ice-cream are two things you just know you will find at the party. They are just as certain as fresh, neat dresses and clean collars.

With its two crisp wafers enclos-

ing a delightfully flavored creamy center, Nabisco is a delicious treat and a nourishing one too; like all the products baked by "Uneeda Bakers" it contains only pure and wholesome ingredients.

Remind your mother to get a supply of these famous sugar wafers to serve at your next party.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY "Uneeda Bakers"

The Latest About
Our New National Headquarters
and
The Building and Budget Fund
which you have all been helping
Watch our February issue

As our January issue goes to press, our National Campaign has not yet been completed. Yes, a magazine is published that far in advance! So don't miss February and the latest and most authentic news about Headquarters Bricks.



Is your Captain an American Girl subscriber? Ask her!

Laughing Last

and Mr. Dugald fooled 'round with those new folks. Jealous. I get that way lots of times—all hot inside because I'm—different. And I go off somewhere alone and stay there until I fight it down."

"I know, Lav. Aunt Achsa told me. Did you go to the dunes?"

"One night I did. Stayed there all night. But one evening I went out on the breakwall. There's a place out there where the rocks are piled so's to make a cave. I used to play there a lot when I was a little kid. I crawled into it. And I hadn't been there very long when I heard somebody talking—two men. They were up close so's I heard everything they said."

"And what did they say, Lav? Oh, tell me quick!"

"I could only get scraps of it. I didn't dare look, I didn't dare move. But one fellow called the other Jed. I heard 'em say something about 'risk' and a 'stranger from Boston asking too many questions 'round Rockman's to be healthy,' and Jed Starrow—I'm dead sure it was his voice—said, sort of blustering like, 'Let them search the Puritan! They won't find anything on her now!' And the other fellow answered him: 'There's too much in this, Jed, to take any chances.' That's what they said, Sid, and then they went on."

"Oh, Lav, they're pirates!"

"Well, not exactly pirates, but they're up to *something*, that's sure. Maybe they're rumrunners. There's a lot of that going on. I thought you were crazy but I guess you weren't."

Sidney's lips trembled with eagerness. As long as Lavender knew what he knew she felt that she would be justified in telling him what Cap'n Davies had told her.

"It isn't rum—Lav," she whispered. "It's—diamonds!"

"Diamonds! Oh, go on, where did you get that stuff?"

"It's diamonds, Lav." Then Sidney solemnly repeated what the old Cap'n had told her concerning the letters and the reward. "He asked me not to tell a soul but you're different because you know. And he said that the reward would be posted all over the two counties in two weeks at least and it's that long now. Every one will know soon."

"Sid, five thousand dollars!" Lavender whistled.

"If some one 'round here's doing it Cap'n Davies wants to catch him himself. He says he doesn't want the reward but he wants to punish the man who's hurting the honest name of this part of Cape Cod. I think that's a grand spirit."

Lavender's shoulders lifted. Why couldn't some one else save the fair name of Cape Cod—some one like a crippled boy whom most of the townspeople looked upon as a loafer?

"I'd like to catch 'em, myself," he said slowly in such a low voice that Sidney barely caught the words.

"Oh, Lav, why not? We have as good a chance as any one, knowing as much as we do. What'll we do first?" For Sidney was ready for adventure.

Suddenly Lavender realized that he was gripping the knife in his hand. He looked down at it.

"What we ought to do first is to find out how this knife got here. Let's put it where we found it and go back around the other side of that schooner so's no one on the Puritan'll see us. Then we can come out late this afternoon and if it's gone—well, we'll know some one came to look for it!"

"And then we'd know for sure that some one had been on the Arabella."

"That's the idea. You get on quickly for a girl, Sid. Come on, now, we'll pull the dory round to the starboard side."

their promise, they ought to tell Mart. But when they stopped at the Calkins' house they found that Mart had already gone to Gert Bartow's.

"Oh, dear," sighed Sidney, with an added pang of remorse.

At four o'clock Sidney and Lavender went out to the Arabella to swim as they had done always before Pola's coming. Except for a brightness in Sidney's eyes, an alertness about her whole body, and the occasional significant glances that passed between them they both appeared quite normal. Lav talked casually of the heat of the day.

"Gee, the water'll feel great. This is the hottest we've had yet."

"I can't wait to get in." Most certainly Jed Starrow, had he been listening, could not have guessed how closely Nemesis pressed upon his heels!

Lavender pulled up along side of the Arabella and deliberately made the boat fast.

"We got to act as though we hadn't found the knife, y'see," he warned, "as though we were going just swimming."

In her eagerness to board the Arabella Sidney stumbled. Lavender had to clutch her to keep her from tumbling into the water.

"Oh!" They both cried in one sound as they clambered to the deck—for the knife was gone!

"Well, that means they'd been on the Arabella. Jed Starrow dropped that knife and he missed it and came back to look for it!"

"Lav, I believe they have hidden their treasure on the Arabella!" Sidney still reverted to the more romantic terms of buccaneering. "Let's look for it now!"

"With 'em watching maybe from the Puritan? I guess not. We got to go ahead and swim the way we always do, Sid. Don't let's even appear to be talking about anything. Come on, I'll beat you in!"

For the space of the few minutes while the water closed about her with delicious coolness, Sidney forgot everything in an intoxication of delight. Presently she came back to the Arabella and climbed aboard with a sigh of utter content. "Thank goodness I haven't any complexes," she laughed, shaking the water from her bobbed head. "And now what?"

Lavender pulled on the light sweater he had worn over his bathing suit.

"When it gets dark I'm coming out to the Arabella and stay all night. Maybe they'll come back and I'll find out why. That fellow said something 'bout Rockman's not being safe. They'll learn the Arabella isn't safe, either!"

"But Lav, I'm coming with you!"

"You can't. And this isn't any work for a girl to get mixed up in."

Sidney drew herself to her full height. "Lavender Green, if you think you're going to lose me *now* you're mistaken. I guess we went into this in a sort of partnership and it's going to hold. I

(Continued on page 37)

Come, Musicians!



Have you a good Girl Scout song? Has your town its own Girl Scout song book? Have you published your camp songs?

Send them to us

"The American Girl" needs your songs—please help us! We need them at once. Mail them today. Make this your good turn.

Sidney caught herself tiptoeing across the deck of the Arabella. In her excitement she scarcely breathed. Every move, every act, was fraught with significance. Lavender took the precaution to beach the dory at an abandoned wharf near Sunset Lane.

"Just as well not to show ourselves 'round Rockman's."

"When can we go out to the Arabella?"

"Not 'til four o'clock. We can go out to swim just like we always do. Even if they see us they won't think it's funny for us to do that. They'd think it funnier if we didn't."

Sidney admitted the truth of this but wondered how she could live until four o'clock!

As they walked up Sunset Lane Sidney reminded Lavender that, because of

What does your troop need? See page 35

THE AMERICAN GIRL Will Give To You

New equipment for a new year of Scouting

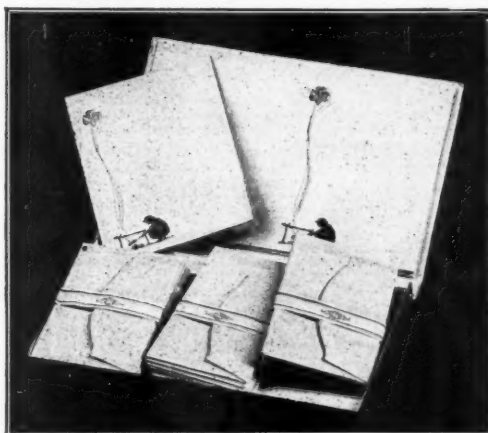
NO Girl Scout need long for equipment. There is an easy way in which you can win it. That is by securing subscribers for THE AMERICAN GIRL. Just pick out the things you most want from the list below, find out how many subscribers are required, and work towards that number as

a goal. When you have secured them, send us the names and addresses of our new subscribers (write plainly) together with \$1.50, check or money order, for each one of them. Tell us which piece of equipment you wish as a reward, and we will send it to you.

A few suggestions are made on this page

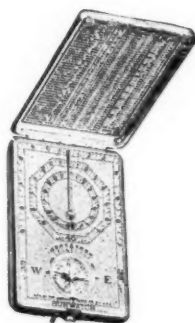
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Be sure you have the correct name and address of each subscriber and check up on the premium list to see that you have the *proper number* of subscribers and the proper amount of money for the premium chosen. You may use the coupon below in ordering or you may copy its wording.

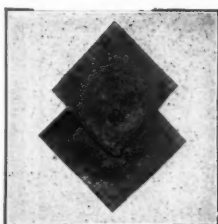


Official WRITING PAPER for Girl Scouts. One quire of good quality cream colored stationery stamped with Girl Scout design. Envelopes to match. If you earn this paper your letters too, may bear the touch of Scouting. Given for 2 new subscriptions.

Ingersoll Radiolite WRIST WATCH tells time day and night. It is an excellent timepiece, with a factory guarantee. It comes with a grey suede leather wrist strap. A premium well worth working for. Given for 15 new subscriptions.



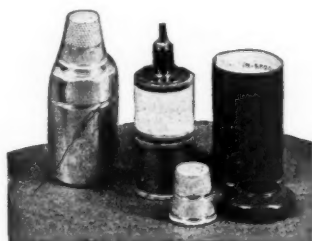
SUNWATCH. Tells time by the sun. Contains compass as well. Given for 5 new subscriptions to THE AMERICAN GIRL.



RING. Trefoil seal silver ring in attractive plush box. Given free for 5 new subscriptions to THE AMERICAN GIRL.



HANDKERCHIEFS of official khaki color with trefoil embroidered in brown to match your uniform. One given for 1 (one) new subscription.

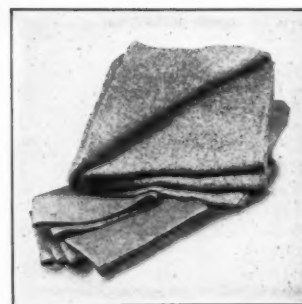


INSPOOL SEWING KIT contains pins, self-threading needles, one spool each of white and khaki thread, and thimble top. Given for 1 (one) new subscription.

The American Girl
Girl Scouts, Inc.,
670 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.

I have earned the premiums I have checked on this list and I wish you to send them to me to the address below. I am sending \$1.50 for each subscription secured.

Premium	Subscriptions	Money for Subscriptions
<input type="checkbox"/> Nickel Pocket Mirror	1	\$1.50
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<input type="checkbox"/> Girl Scout Handkerchief	1	1.50
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<input type="checkbox"/> Handy Mess Kit	12	18.00
<input type="checkbox"/> Girl Scout Bugle	12	18.00
<input type="checkbox"/> Poncho (60 x 82)	15	22.50
<input type="checkbox"/> Blanket (4 pound grey)	20	30.00



Grey camping BLANKETS, warm because they are all wool, durable because they are well made. Given for 20 new subscriptions.

PONCHO of olive tan. Keeps out dampness and becomes emergency raincoat. Given for 15 new subscriptions.

Yes, a Boarding School mystery --- coming

Why Does Helen Galland secure so many subscriptions to "The American Girl?"

*These Letters
Tell You the
Answer*



Helen Galland

Helen Galland turns her enthusiasm for our magazine to good account as a member of the Earn-Your-Own Club, as the following letter will testify:

Another Letter

Dear Editor—

Getting AMERICAN GIRL subscriptions is a fascinating game—even though probable subscribers always seem to live in a perpetual "broke" after-Christmas state!

There is never any difficulty in interesting other girls in THE AMERICAN GIRL; my sample copies are always gobbled up. Because girls never seem to have \$1.50 right at hand, I think the fifty cents get-acquainted offer is the best idea yet.

Since my father is reading THE AMERICAN GIRL lately (ahead of me sometimes) I'm thinking of following up my arguments to the girls by a letter direct to each Scout's Banker—Dad. I haven't experimented yet, but perhaps other members of the Earn-Your-Own Club may find this successful.

I hope the day is very near when every Scout, as a matter of course, is an AMERICAN GIRL subscriber.

Most sincerely,

HELEN GALLAND

You can be as successful, too, and for the same reasons. Read your magazine thoroughly each month and know what is in it. Then when you ask girls or their mothers to subscribe you will have many talking points. You can tell them about our exciting stories, our dramatics, camping, handicraft, fashion and Merit Badge pages, our Girl Scout news and pictures.

If you are not already a member of the Earn-Your-Own Club it is easy to join. Just sign and send to us the coupon at the bottom of this page. Then, you, too, can be earning your money by our generous commissions.

And Another

Read also this letter from Vivian M. Welch, Troop 56, Minneapolis, Minn.

"Honestly I think that our American Girl is the best magazine in the world. No other magazine can compare with it. Our dreams and wishes used to be—What I wish Was in my Magazine. But now these wishes have been filled and the good fairies have made our dreams come true. For now the things we wanted most are published each month. But being human, when we get the things we wanted, there is always something more to ask for—you know how it is."

CLIP THIS COUPON

Earn-Your-Own Club
Girl Scouts, Inc.,
670 Lexington Avenue, N. Y. C.

I, too, wish to join the Earn-Your-Own Club and take advantage of your generous commissions on subscriptions secured.

My name is

My address is

Stunts

From "Producing Amateur Entertainments," a book of stunts by Helen Ferris, Editor of "The American Girl."

"Betsy Speaks a Piece for the Caller"

Have a child speak a tongue-twister. The child may become confused, or he may not. Either event will delight an audience. The following is excellent (origin unknown):

John Nott's Knitter

John Nott could not knit so he invented a machine which could knit and which he called the "Nott Knitter." But the "Nott Knitter" could not knot knots, so that Nott invented an attachment for the "Nott Knitter" which could knot knots and which he called the "Nott Knottter," and when the "Nott Knottter" was attached to the "Nott Knitter" not a knitter could knot knots such as the knots Nott knit with the "Nott Knottter" for the "Nott Knitter." Then Nott fell in love with a knitter who knit knots with the "Nott Knottter" for the "Nott Knitter." Nott asked her not to knit knots any longer but to become a Nott forever, but the knitter said, "Nit."

"A Student of Nature"

He may be a Bug-Man, a Butterfly-Chaser, or a Bird-Man. If a Bird-Man, he may look through his field glasses at the audience and see many kinds of birds before him—a jay; a humming-bird ("you ought to hear him hum, 'Oh! how I hate to get up in the morning!'", a thrasher ("If you don't believe it, ask his little boy"), etc.

There are many nature verses (very informing) to be recited:

*What a queer funny little bird a frog are—
When he walk he hop most—
When he sit he squat most—
He ain't got no tail at all hardly most.*

Excellent sources for further verse of this type are to be found in *A Nonsense Anthology* by Carolyn Wells (Scribner's), and in Oliver Herford's *A Child's Primer of Natural History and More Animals* (Scribner's).

Limelight Limericks

Limerick meter is especially well adapted to topical songs. For a limerick number, clown costumes are good. Enter clowns with clown action. They line up across the stage front, and each chants a limerick. This may be done as a contest, a Judge afterward deciding solemnly which limerick was best in words and rendering. The verses may be original or they may be taken from any limerick collection. See "Nonsense Anthology" by Carolyn Wells (Scribner's).

Song Battle

Choose two songs in the same key and the same tempo, and with the same number of measures; also preferably beginning on the same beat. The singers should be divided into two equal groups. . . . When all is arranged, the two songs are to be sung simultaneously, the object being to see which group can outsing the other in volume. The choruses of many popular songs, such as, "There's a Long, Long Trail" and "Tipperary" suit themselves admirably to a song-battle; also occasional college and traditional songs, such as, "A Spanish Cavalier" and "Solomon Levi." 3. Songs such as "Reuben and Rachel" in which the women can take one verse and the men the other.

The Bogey Men

Scene: the nursery. Chorus or solo featuring bed-time songs and "Yama-Yama Man" (in domino costume, with tall, pointed hat) from "The Three Twins" (Witmark). The recitation, "Little Orphant Annie," by James Whitcomb Riley, may also be used.

NOTE: Miss Ferris' book of stunts is filled with good ideas for your troop. It is sold in our National Equipment Department for \$2.50. Add it to your troop library.—ALICE WALLER.

You will love the dog "Bones" in February

Laughing Last

(Continued from page 34)

found out just as much as you did! And if you come out to the Arabella, I'm coming, and Mart, too, if she's home."

Lav still hesitated.

"Aunt Achsa won't let you. How'd you get away?"

But Sidney's alert mind suddenly thought of a way. This was Wednesday night and Miss Letty had said that on Wednesday night she was going to drive to Truro and that Sidney might go with her. From Truro Miss Letty was going on to Wellfleet. Aunt Achsa would think Sidney wanted to see Captain Davies again. She explained all this, breathlessly, to Lavender. "This is important enough to warrant a fib. And when it's all over Aunt Achsa will understand. Let's go home now and find Mart."

Unwillingly Lavender conceded Sidney's right to share with him his night's vigil, at any cost. Again they beached the dory near Sunset Lane.

Now they found Mart at home. Sidney put her head in the door, made certain that gran'ma was not in hearing, and cried "Hook."

Mart had only to look once at Sidney's face to know that something had happened. Sidney dragged her out to the Lane and there she and Lavender in words as quick as pistol shots told the story.

"Meet us down on the beach near Milligan's at eight o'clock," Lav whispered, as they parted.

What awaited them in the darkness? Would the men be armed? What, then, would happen if Sid and Mart and Lav were discovered? And how could they get the diamonds away from the men? Next month will help you answer these perplexing questions.

Helping Sell Christmas Seals

for the
National Tuberculosis Association

Girl Scouts have been rendering valuable service in helping with the sale of Christmas Seals. Mr. Philip P. Jacobs, Publicity Director of the National Tuberculosis Association, has sent Mrs. Ripplin newspaper clippings of great interest to all of us.

Here is one from Hartford, Conn., saying that the Girl Scouts there have been helping with the mailing of the seals. Here is one from Poughkeepsie, N. Y., with the news that the Girl Scouts have been folding Christmas seal letters and doing other work in the local health office.

From Minneapolis, Minn., comes a newspaper picture showing several Girl Scouts busily at work with piles of the Christmas seals on the table before them. These girls, all from Troop 10 of Minneapolis, gave up a holiday to assist in the distribution of the seals.

In Charleston, West Virginia, the Boy and Girl Scouts have assumed responsibility for the distribution of Christmas seal posters throughout Knox County, Virginia, beginning at Thanksgiving and lasting until Christmas.

In Hackensack, N. J., the Girl Scouts of Troop 4 met every afternoon for a stated period and placed the seals in envelopes together with a circular telling of their purpose.

These are but typical of the nationwide work now being carried on by the Girl Scouts for the National Tuberculosis Association.

Serve It Hot

Of course you can serve it hot—and it makes a satisfying, strengthening meal on which to start the day's work. Heat two

Shredded Wheat

Biscuits in the oven to restore crispness and then pour hot milk over them, adding a little cream and salt. Nothing so delicious and satisfying as these crisp, flavory shreds of baked whole wheat. They are ready-cooked and ready-to-eat.

The Shredded Wheat Company
Niagara Falls New York



Use the Swimming Pools All Winter

(Continued from page 21)

The head carry relay is conducted from a start clinging to the edge of the tank, the first swimmer carrying the partner one length and the partner bringing the other back to the starting point. The subject must keep hands folded and ankles crossed while being carried.

Red Cross regulation lifebuoys are seventeen inches across and have sixty feet of line attached. Regulation buoys should be used, one for each team. The team is made up of a patient who stands in the water at the shallow end of the pool, a rescuer who dives in with the

life buoy and carries it to the patient, and a linesman who keeps the rope free and pulls in the rescuer and patient as soon as the swimmer takes the other in a cross-chest position.

The free style rescue permits any of the rescue methods given in the Red Cross program to be used, and actually the swimmer who can cover the length of the tank to pick up the patient first may have the best chance of winning, provided a good life saving carry has been developed.

These events make a very interesting program to which Girl Scouts may invite their friends.

What about you at camp? See page 35



One of the many illustrations in the Nature Notebooks

New Nature Notebooks for Christmas

NEW Girl Scout Nature Notebooks make excellent Christmas gifts. Full new requirements for these three badges, prepared by Dr. Bertha Chapman Cady and published by the Comstock Publishing Company, are sold by Girl Scouts, Inc. You may purchase each of the projects separately, or the three together, with a handy Girl Scout loose-leaf binder. Contain note sheets for questions and answers and abundant charts for coloring.

Prices

Bird Finder Project.....	40c
Tree Finder Project.....	40c
Flower Finder Project.....	40c
Cover	30c

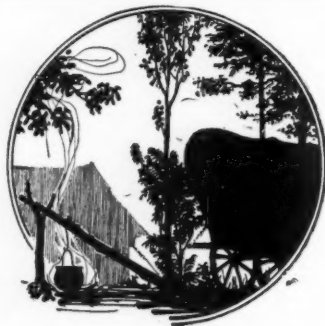
Nature Notebook Complete with Three projects and cover, \$1.50

Order from

GIRL SCOUTS, INC.

670 Lexington Avenue

New York City



A new kind of Contest—Watch our February issue!

February will bring you word of a Pioneer Contest which you will surely wish to enter. The idea for it was suggested by a Girl Scout.

Our International Number — March

The Health Family

(Continued from page 17)

CLEANLINESS—white, water bucket for hat, whisk broom as ornament on it. Dust mops for hands, brooms for feet, Ivory soap for necklace, toothbrush like pipe in mouth.

HAPPINESS—large girl in gingham dress and white apron, smiling.

RECREATION—*Dancers*—dancing costume; *Swimmers*—bathing suits; *Tennis*—white sport suits and tennis shoes, carrying racket; *Basketball*—bloomers and middies.

WATER—white cheesecloth draped, carrying large water bottle.

TEETH—tooth brush, giant tube of paste, etc.

FRESH AIR—pale blue draped costume decorated with fans, fans in each hand, floating draperies.

GOOD FOOD—green slip decorated with tomatoes around neck, celery for sleeves, oranges for girdle, carrots around skirt, lettuce for head dress, carries basket for fruits and vegetables.

SLEEP—gray slips draped with purple cheesecloth caught up with poppies, poppies in hair and carrying garlands of poppies.

POSTURE—Girl Scout uniform.

SUNSHINE—Golden Yellow draped costume—short.

A New Kind of Trail

(Continued from page 17)

*Hereafter no coffee or tea for us.
We stand for good food and cleanliness*

*Rest and fresh air and exercise,
Hurrah for our own Health Trail!*

Did we know the words? We did! The supervisor of music in our schools was another ardent friend of the Health Trail, sending the words of our health song to all the instructors of music. The girls then practiced it during the music periods. The day of the carnival, the singing was led by the music supervisor and was accompanied by the Tech-High Band which also furnished the music for some of the stunts.

Following the song, there was a short speech of welcome and a commendation of the Health Trail by the assistant superintendent of schools. Response was made by one of the girls from each organization who repeated her promise or laws or other pledge. Next came the health stunts, each organization being allowed twenty minutes. Troop 21 had submitted the best one written by the Girl Scout troops so they gave theirs. It was called the Health Family and is published for you here.

The posters were very clever and original. Regulations for making them were given out at the beginning of the Trail.

The best Girl Scout poster was drawn by Catherine Campbell, fourteen years old. A reproduction of it is given here, as well as a picture of Catherine herself, holding her poster.

Who's Who in "The American Girl"



GEORGE CARLSON
says to tell you *Puzzle Jack* will give
you a Valentine cross word puzzle in
February

Katharine Haviland Taylor
is already popular among AMERICAN
GIRL readers for her short stories and
her books. She has just published a
new one, *Tony from America* (Har-
court, Brace & Co.). Be sure to read it.

Elinor Wylie
knows how it feels to walk in the snow,
doesn't she? You will all enjoy her
book of poems, *Nets to Catch the Wind*
published by Harcourt, Brace & Co.
with whose kind permission we have
this poem in our magazine.

Douglas Ryan
is an artist in New York City. He and
Wharton H. Esherick, Edith Ballinger
Price, and Esther Andrews have certainly
helped to make our stories and poems
real, have they not?

Constance M. Hallock
is a graduate of Mount Holyoke College
and a great lover of winter sports. She
says she wishes to go to a Girl Scout
winter camp.

Margaret Evans Price
whose covers you all love is now a mem-
ber of the Girl Scout Council of East
Aurora, New York. We are grateful
to her for naming our new "Beholder"
page and for drawing its lovely heading.

Patten Beard
starts, with this issue, a series of fascin-
ating handicraft pages on Your Own
Room. She knows just what you like
to make.

Commodore Longfellow
is associate director of the Life Saving
Division of the American Red Cross.
He writes that every Girl Scout should
have a copy of our new Life Saving
Booklet, price 15 cents, to be obtained
from our National Equipment Depart-
ment.

Ilsien Nathalie Gaylord
is a generous friend of our Boston Girl
Scouts where she is helping them with
their nature museums. You will all be
interested in her book, *Little Sea Folk*.

Foot Health Means the Right Shoe



Your SOROSIS Girl Scout Shoe

YOur foot is a complicated machine of 26 small bones. Yet this delicate mechanism must bear the whole weight of the body.

How important, then, it is to be well shod, to give your feet every chance to function properly and healthfully.—

They must be the levers that lift the body, they must grip the ground with pressure of the toes, maintain correct balance with a firm, stable treading surface.

Your feet can have this chance only if correctly shod. For you this means the Sorosis Girl Scout shoe. These

shoes combine style, quality, and moderate price, with those orthopedic principles that make the right shoe.

Ample toe space and room for the ball of the foot, a snug arch that gives support but does not constrict and prohibit natural motion, a narrow heel, and a straight inner line.

Yet, for all this, Sorosis Girl Scout shoes cost no more than the average walking shoe. \$8.00 for a Tan Grain Calfskin shoe and \$9.50 for the imported Scotch Grain Calfskin, Waterproof soles.

Look for Girl
Scout trefoil trade
mark on sole of
shoe.



SOROSIS GIRL SCOUT SHOES

Announcement of Change in Prices

On and after January 1, 1925, the retail price of certain items of Girl Scout equipment will be increased a small amount. The purpose of this increase is to eliminate charging customers parcel post or packing charge on all mail orders and council orders less than \$150.00. The additional cost to National Headquarters for packing and postage, it is estimated, can be saved by eliminating the necessity of carrying these small amounts.

Has your troop shown
The Golden Eaglet?
(The Girl Scout film)

For particulars write

The American Girl
670 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.

Yes,

National Headquarters has moved and
with it "The American Girl." Our
new address

670 Lexington Avenue,
New York City.

Coming—ideas for masquerade costumes



Hard wear for a knife—

and a knife that gives wear

CUTTING fuzz sticks for the camp-fire, or boughs for beds, or twigs for broilers; prying a top off a bottle; opening a can—all this is hard wear for a knife.

Yet the owner of an official Girl Scout knife does not worry, for she knows the quality of her knife. She knows it is made of finest, keenest steel. She knows its edge will stand up under hard usage. She knows it is a knife that will last. Made by Dwight Divine and Sons, Ulster Knife Co.

Order from

Girl Scouts, Inc.

670 Lexington Ave. New York City



THE WOMAN'S PRESS

600 Lexington Ave.
New York, N. Y.

LITTLE ROBIN STAY-BEHIND

Dainty

Katharine Lee

Bates

1.75

Delightful

Such a delightful Thanksgiving play—The Conscientious Turkey—(another of old folk customs) for your Christmas program.

Dramatic

Ten more for the months of the coming year

NEW HAVEN NORMAL SCHOOL OF GYMNASTICS

1466 Chapel Street

New Haven, Connecticut

Physical Education, recreation, playground, reconstruction should appeal to Girl Scouts. If it does to you, write us for booklet A.



More Christmas Books

"There is no frigate like a book to take us lands away"

Emily Dickinson

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Reader's Guide, Saturday Review of Literature

I HAVE found out one thing since the article on *Books I have Read* appeared: Girl Scouts certainly know how to write helpful letters. I promised to send a book to each of the three writers of the most helpful and I have sent five already and may have to make it more. Next month, I will mention the names of some of the best writers, but this space I must keep for a last minute talk about Christmas books which are now coming in with a rush—though as this must be sent to press so far ahead, it may be after Christmas before some of you read it. However, you may have had a present of money to buy books for yourself. Let's suppose so, for then I have some news for all the girls who told me that they liked historical novels. There is a new edition of Charlotte M. Yonge's most popular romance, *The Dove in the Eagle's Nest* (Duffield), which is a real thriller about robber barons of the time of Maximilian—and do you know what time that was? It has pictures in color. *Days of The Pioneers*, by L. Lamprey (Stokes), is twenty-three tales of great moments in American history from the invention of the cotton-gin to a college-boy story of Lincoln's election in the last chapter. It is a good way to bring back our yesterdays and see how exciting some of them were. Anne Carroll Moore's *Nicholas* (Putnam) is more amusing than a guide book or a history but has really some of the best points of both; I might call it a fairy-tale of real life in New York, with a little boy who spends Christmas here. All New York girls would like it, and so would any girl who would like to spend a Christmas in New York—where Miss Moore is the guardian angel of the famous Children's Room in the Public Library on Forty-second Street. There are now two more histories of the world for younger readers besides the famous one by Hendrik Willem Van Loon; one, *The Child's Story of the Human Race*, by Ramon Cuffman (Dodd, Mead) you may have met already, for it was syndicated in a hundred newspapers. *A Child's History of the World*, by V. M. Hillyer (Century), is the result of his

conviction that very young children would be interested in a history of the whole world as much or more than in the past days of their own country. I believe he is right, and he knows it, for he has tried this book on numbers of children in the Calvert School of Baltimore, of which he is Head Master. It is brightly written, and though children as young as nine could read it, I read it with pleasure.

So many of you told me of an affection for Sir Walter Scott—I did not believe so many of you would!—that I hasten to tell you that S. R. Crockett, a Scotchman and himself a novelist, has retold stories from *Ivanhoe*, *Fortunes of Nigel*, *Quentin Durward*, and *The Pirate*, under the title of *Red Cap Adventures* (Macmillan), the second series of *Red Cap Tales Stolen from the Treasure Chest of the Wizard of the North*. There are a dozen *Almost True Tales* in the volume of that name issued by Putnam, and I see that *A Dog of Flanders* and several others that were named by you as books to put on the list, are in this collection. I was delighted to find how many Dickens-lovers I had in the audience, and for them there is a new volume called *Child Characters from Dickens*, stories of every child retold by L. L. Meedon, and illustrated with the quaintest and most convincing pictures in color and photogravure. Do you remember the doll's dressmaker on the roof? Little Nell and the wax-works, the Marchioness with her big cap, or Little Emily and the boat? They are all here looking as you knew they must look.

You told me you liked stories of famous women, and here is a new book, *Girlhood Stories of Famous Women*, by Katherine Dunlap Cather (Century), some of them queens, some of them famous for what they did in art or poetry. The stories are like little novels. Rudyard Kipling's *Land and Sea Tales* (Doubleday Page) is for "Scouts and Scout Masters" and though I suppose boys are meant, any Girl Scout who does not read it misses something very much worth while; it is being sold for much less than his books usually are, to reach as many young readers as possible.

There is a charming volume of poetry by a girl, called *Silverhorn* (Stokes), selected by the author, Hilda Conkling, from her two volumes already published, for the special pleasure of other girls. I had learned many of these poems by heart long ago—at least a year or so ago, for they are not very old poems!—and I am glad to see them dressed so neatly with pictures both in color and in black-and-white. Speaking of poetry, have you read Rose Fyleman's delightful verses in the volume called *Fairies and Chimneys*? Well, she has a set of *Forty Good-Night Tales* (Doran) in press that mothers and big sisters will find come in very handy for smaller members of the family.

You liked animal stories, especially, about dogs, you said; here is a fine book by Enos A. Mills, *Wild Life on the Rockies* (Houghton Mifflin) that is worth a dozen ordinary books. Here is his delightful dog-friend we remember

There's a prince in Katherine Dunlap Cather's story

Baco BATIK Dyes

Packed in 2-ounce tins—Shipped Parcel Post. A wide assortment of highly concentrated colors covering every requirement. Used generally by artists and commercial houses. Write for list with prices.

BACHMEIER & COMPANY,
Inc.

450 West 37th Street
New York City
Department 10.

A Handsome Gift

**You Can Make
at Little Cost**

The Christmas present season is almost at hand with the opportunity to make this handsome gift.

We positively guarantee—on a money back basis—that by following our simple, easily mastered directions you will make this artistic yet thoroughly useful Reed Lamp. We furnish complete material already cut and shaped. All you have to do is to follow the clear, fully illustrated directions and in a few hours you will complete this exquisite Reed Lamp that retails for many times the cost of the materials, even in the low priced stores.

Don't pay a penny now. Pay postman \$2.98 plus a few cents postage.

It also entitles you to a full course in reedcraft.

Write now—TODAY—before you forget—to
AMERICAN REEDCRAFT CORPORATION
130 Beekman Street New York City



Coming

Girl Scout Stories in the Magazines

Watch *Today's Housewife*. The editor, Miss Anne Griffin, is a good friend of the Girl Scouts. On the cover of the January issue she is running the picture of a real Girl Scout—Louise Lang of Pleasantville, New York, a Camp Andree girl. Louise is shown just as she looked planting pine seedlings on the camp grounds. This magazine will use other Girl Scout features from time to time and will carry news of our activities into 400,000 homes. If you can't get the January issue on the newsstands, a copy can be purchased for 15 cents from *Today's Housewife, Inc.*, 18 East 18 Street, New York City.

The January number of *Wireless Age* will be of special interest to Girl Scout radio fans. It will contain a fascinating story of the girls in little towns and on lonely farms who have heard of Girl Scouts over the radio. Mr. C. S. Anderson, the editor, is going to encourage Girl Scout interest in radio by using a Girl Scout cover on one of the spring issues of his magazine. Watch for it. Maybe it will be a picture of you or of someone you know!

so well, the faithful Scotch; here are horses and wolves and bears, and no "nature-faking" but honest nature and the thrills that come with high places and wild life. Older girls will like this especially; the dog-lovers will like to know that Albert Payson Terhune has a new one, *The Heart of a Dog* (Doran)—that is, it is a collection of some of his most famous tales about Lad, Buff, Lochinvar, Bobby and the rest, with some new ones added, and gorgeous, colored pictures. Mary Ansell's *Dogs and Men* (Scribner) is a warm-hearted set of stories about big dogs and little: one jumps into a Scotch pulpit, and another was the original of Nana, the dog-nurse in *Peter Pan*. There are two new books of Indian stories, which you tell me you like: *Rocky Mountain Tipi Tales*, by Hal G. Borland (Doubleday Page) actually told to the author by the Indians when he was a small boy, and *Taytay's Memories*, tales of the Pueblo Indians collected by Elizabeth De Huff (Harcourt, Brace) and wonderfully illustrated by a boy of the Hopi tribe, in line and in color.

You have a fine group of girls' stories this Christmas; *The Silver Tarn*, by Katherine Adams (Macmillan), is the further adventures of her Mehitabel, a favorite of girls the country over; this time she is in Scotland and on the English moors. And there is a remarkable new story called *The Vanishing Comrade*, by Ethel Cook Eliot (Doubleday Page), beautifully told, and satisfying that strong wish that you so often expressed for good mystery stories. This is an uncommonly good one. And for the older girls, especially such as love delicate and beautiful prose and charming pictures, I choose *The Adventures of Harlequin*, by Francis Bickley (Dutton), a pink-and-gold book with decorations in color by John Austen, showing the beloved figures in pantomime, old yet ever young; Columbine and her lover, Pierrot, Scaramouche and all the company. And I hope some one gave you C. R. Cooper's *Lions 'n Tigers 'n Everything* (Little Brown) because these stories of real circus life will be just as fascinating when you are sixty as they were when you were sixteen.

Friends with Helene

(Continued from page 15)

"It's all right," she said, "The girls voted for you."

"Oh, you—you Americans are so different! You—you are too good, Miss Evans—Marcia! I do not know what makes it so—you are all too good." Suddenly a smile lit her face. "I know," she said, it is your Girl Scout troop. Marcia—could I—could I join? Do you let—?"

"Helene, you darling! Yes, it is the Girl Scouts! Of course you could join!" With her arm about Helene's shoulder, Marcia wended her homeward way.



**From 8 Cents
to \$3.00**

Within the reach of all

THE shining golden trefoil pin, the symbol of Scouting, may gleam on every necktie, because it is within the reach of all. Every Girl Scout may show she is a Scout because every Girl Scout can afford to buy a pin.

The trefoil to indicate the threefold promise. The eagle because it is American.

Official Girl Scout pins are made by the MEDALLIC ART COMPANY, who are also makers of Girl Scout badges and medals.

Sold only on order of Captain by

GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.

670 Lexington Ave.,
New York City

INDIVIDUAL NAME PENCILS

"The Gift Useful"



With any name or short inscription in Genuine 22kt. Gold

For an inexpensive gift for general distribution, nothing can equal these pencils, neatly imprinted and packed in handsome lithographed boxes of three. Solve the gift question for special occasions such as Birthday, Graduation, and the Holiday Season by placing your order for "Individual Name" Pencils. REMEMBER—it's the useful gift that is most appreciated. Make up your list and get your order in early.

We furnish these in Beautiful Lithographed Boxes, containing THREE High Grade Hexagon Pencils, with any name or short inscription in Genuine 22kt. GOLD at 30c per set. In lots of six sets or over—25c per set postpaid. Pencils furnished in assorted colors or your choice of any of the following: Red, Green, Blue, Yellow, Lavender and Gray. One gross with name of Troop or any other short inscription desired—\$5.50 postpaid.

Remittance can be made by check, money order or stamps, suit your own convenience.

Be sure and write all names very plainly
THE OSBORNE SPECIALTY COMPANY
Dept. 9, Camden, New York

Read about a successful Earn-Your-Own Club Girl—page 36



The Finishing Touch to the Uniform—the Neckerchief

HOW that touch of gay color does relieve the khaki! Green, purple, dark blue, light blue, khaki, pale yellow, cardinal, black and yellow—tied in a neat four-in-hand and set off with the golden trefoil pinned in the knot, a Girl Scout is truly uniformed.

Our neckerchiefs are of best mercerized cotton, embroidered with the official trefoil seal, only 40c. Made by Stanton Brothers, 105-107 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Girl Scouts, Inc.

670 Lexington Ave. New York City

Health Stunts and Plays

Have You Ever Given Them?

Helen Ferris, Editor of THE AMERICAN GIRL, has a very special use for any original Health Stunts and Plays given by Girl Scouts. Will you not send yours to her at once?

SCOUT LEADERS Teach by Games

Scout Games for Troop Meetings and Hikes

"Scouting Is Fun"
By MARJORIE S. KIRK

A collection of games for use by Girl Scout Leaders. Tenderfoot and Second Class taught by games.

Pocket Size 50c Prepaid
Onondaga Council Girl Scouts
Clark Music Bldg., Syracuse, N. Y.

CATALOG FREE

CLASSRINGS & PINS
Largest Catalog Issued—FREE

Samples loaned class officers. Prices \$.20 to \$.80 each. No order for class, society, club emblems too large or too small. Special designs made on request.

METAL ARTS CO., Inc. 7740 South Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

GIRL SCOUT PUZZLE

By Marion Stedman Brown

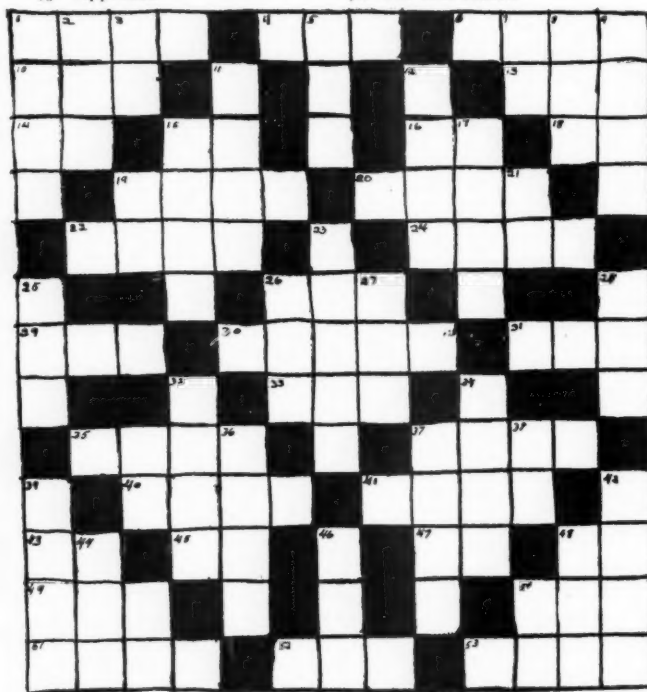
Troop 1, Baldwin, L. I.

HORIZONTAL

1. Top of a house
4. Preposition
6. Halt
10. Hotel
13. Mineral matter
14. Point of compass
15. Preposition
16. Conjunction
18. Part of "to be"
19. Melody
20. Branches of learning
22. Painful
24. Sharp
26. Consume
29. Frozen liquid
30. Indian missile
31. Long time
33. Card denomination
35. Certain part of a thing
37. Money
40. Near to the present
41. Vehicle
43. Conjunction
45. Preposition
47. Pronoun
48. Preposition
49. Hangs from a watch
50. Male heir
51. Very tall plant
52. Past time
53. Approach

VERTICAL

1. Peal of a bell
2. Ace
3. Preposition
5. Aged
7. Preposition
8. Globe
9. Rind
11. Sound
12. An illiterate's signature
15. Reverse
17. Part of a plant
19. Preposition
21. Point of compass
23. Advance of an army
25. Make a hole
26. Space of time
27. Part of the foot
28. A beverage
32. An opening
34. Some of
36. Dunce
37. Biblical character
- 38a. So
38. Street (abbr.)
39. Strain
41. Finished
44. Preposition
46. Hog
48. Boy's name
- 49a. Exist
50. For that reason



Puzzle Jack's Honor Roll

While lack of space does not permit publication of all the good puzzles which Puzzle Jack is continually receiving from the Girl Scout Puzzlers, he gratefully acknowledges receipt of suggestions from the following readers: Jeannette Whitty, Milwaukee, Wis. Clara B. Holstein, New Britain, Conn. Catherine Cartledge, Redlands, Cal. Deborah Taylor, Pawtucket, R. I. Leona E. MacKnight, Auburn, Me. Frances Knapp, West Medford,

Mass. Alice Bushong, Gladstone, Mich. Chloe Hill, Baltimore, Md. Anita McCoy, Baltimore, Md. Evelyn Shoob, Springfield, Mass. Ruth Kroger, New York City. Constance D. Caverly, Lowell, Mass. Lucille Tombs, Newark, N. J. Lilian Winchell, Springfield, Mass. Carol Winchell, Springfield, Mass. Sarah Orcutt, San Diego, Cal. Frances Morris, Cincinnati, O. Damia Thomas, Montclair, N. J.

A brave girl outwits a burglar — coming!



The Way in Scoutville

In Brooklyn—

Official headquarters for Scout clothing and accessories is in Brooklyn's largest Store — where a special department awaits you.

ABRAHAM & STRAUS INC.
BROOKLYN

Girl Scouts, Listen!

WHEN in Scranton, remember we are sole agents for Girl Scout equipment. We are serving Girl Scouts just as we have been serving your brother Boy Scouts for years and years.

Samter Bros. Co.
Scranton, Pa.

Girl Scouts, Attention!

WE want you to know that this store is official headquarters for Washington, and when you come in for Scout Apparel or Equipment, you will find a royal welcome.

The Hecht Co.
7th Street, at F Street, N.W.,
Washington, D. C.

Clothes for Winter Camping

OF course you all know what is the best clothing for your summer camping—your Girl Scout middie and bloomers. But do you know what the well dressed—which means comfortably—Scout wears for winter camping which is everywhere becoming so very popular?

Many of us think that by bundling up in all the warm woolen clothing around the house we are sufficiently well clothed for outdoors in winter, but this is not so. Snow goes down the wrists, in the neck; the cold, wind, and damp seep in; shoes get soggy and, though we may have departed from home in fine fettle we return bedraggled and cross, thinking that perhaps winter sports are not for us.

But how different the Girl Scout who goes properly clad. We asked Miss Louise Price, our Camp Director, what "properly clad" for winter sports means to her and she said:

"First of all, it is a good idea to wear wool, which ventilates the body better; woolen underclothes if you wish, woolen stockings by all means. These last should be almost free from darns, and, if darned, well darned and darned in the right place (where a shoe will not rub).

"You will wish a sweater. Perhaps one like our official Girl Scout sweater. It is made of wool, it is warm and snug, and close fitting, it permits of free movement, it is not bulky, and it is comfortable. Of course, if you are feeling fancy or your brother has one, a slip-on or lumberjack's shirt that looks like an animated red and green checkerboard, enlivens the winter landscape. This is as snug as a sweater and very popular at the moment. A toboggan cap is good. It pulls down over the ears and keeps them warm; it keeps the hair in place with no stray locks whipping in your eyes when skating or flying down hill on toboggans, or skis.

"By the way, a white tam and sweater make a charming and attractive winter rig and come in handy for camp picture taking, since they show up so well.

"Woolen gloves, of course. Kid gloves never are so warm and are spoiled by wetting in the snow.

"Woolen bloomers; our new knee band bloomers now in vogue, are almost a necessity.

"As to shoes, many kinds are championed. An excellent heavy shoe is the Chippewa boot worn by the lumbermen of the North West, perhaps the best judges of what is good to wear outdoors in the winter."

Jordan Marsh Company

Official Headquarters
in
Boston
for Scout Apparel
and Accessories

A Special Section, devoted to Girl and Boy Scout Equipment is located on the Third Floor, Main Store.

Cincinnati Headquarters for Girl Scouts

This big, bright, beautiful store is official headquarters for the Girl Scouts in Cincinnati. All your official requirements very readily taken care of on the second floor of Cincinnati's Greatest Sporting Goods Store

**The
Bolles-Brendamour
Co.**
130-135 E. Sixth St.

The Golden Rule

Official Headquarters in
Saint Paul, Minnesota

Now is the time to earn money
for your Headquarters Bricks.

Why not rent

"The Golden Eaglet"

film and have a moving picture benefit? Write "The American Girl" for particulars.

Patronize the equipment agent in your town

A collar that gently hugs the neck and conforms neatly to the slope of the neck into the shoulders.

Shoulders neither too wide nor too narrow—in short, your shoulders.

Sleeve length that covers the wrist of the long armed and *not* the finger tips of the short armed.

A skirt that neither hikes nor dips, but hangs evenly to your figure.

Where Custom Tailoring Tells On a Captain's Uniform

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Melissy's Music Box

(Continued from page 8)

*Our Mrs. May Lambert-
ton Becker is also author
of "The Reader's
Guide," just published.
This book would make
an excellent Christmas
gift for mother, father
or captain.*

tation, I felt absolutely stunned for a few moments. Then this poor young colored girl told me her pitiful story. After that, I could not have carried out those orders if I were to have been shot for it.

"I wrote a note to General Sherman, asking to be allowed to report to him next day on a very unusual case, and was relieved as you have heard. The General was very much struck with my story and gave orders to leave the plantation unmolested. But he had a very important commission to be executed at once in Washington and detailed me to leave and go North with his papers. So I left Savannah the very next day, and, as chance would have it, never again returned to the South. For I contracted a severe fever while in Washington and had to be relieved and sent to my home in Massachusetts, where I was very ill till nearly the close of the war.

"But in all the years that have passed since, I have never failed to recall, on Christmas Eve, that strangest of all Christmas Eves that I spent on this old plantation near Savannah, and the curious music box that was playing my favorite Christmas hymn as I entered the house. I have often wondered whether Miss Winton finally recovered her jewels from the hiding place where I had concealed them. Sometimes I have been almost tempted to write and ask her, but I felt that perhaps she would not care to hear from me. I felt pretty certain that she must have found them, as I had taken so many precautions to ensure their safety.

"This year my doctors assured me that my only chance of preserving my life during the winter was to spend some months in Florida and ordered me off at once. As I had never been South since the War, and as I was to be in this region at this time, I had a great fancy to stop off at Savannah over Christmas and do a little prowling about to see if I could recognize the various places and more especially to catch a glimpse of this old plantation of the curious memory. I did not dreamed of making myself known to Miss Winton, did not even know that she was still alive or lived here.

"Then came her startling invitation, delivered through these good new friends of my journey. To say that I was stunned by the coincidence would be putting it mildly. But even then, I determined not to reveal the secret of my old-time connection with the place, for I feared it might only arouse painful memories in our hostess. If she happened to recall the similarity of my name with that of the old affair (you see, I always supposed she had received my note, she might remark on it, but if she did not, I decided to let the episode rest unrecalled.

"Well, you see what it has all resulted in! Miss Winton, I am more thankful than I can ever express that I can repay your hospitality by at least restoring to you what is your own."

And then Great-aunt Cecily did a lovely thing. She rose and went over to old Mr. Crandall, held out her hand and said, "Come!" And she led him over to stand in front of the music-box. Somehow the rest of us had unconsciously risen to our feet also and stood in a circle around them.

Then she said to us, "Do any of you know the last stanza of our Christmas hymn?"

We all nodded, for of course we've sung it too many times ever to forget it.

"Then let's sing it now!" she ordered and gave the sign to Melissy to start the music going. And to the sweet tinkling accompaniment of the old music box, every voice in the room took up the wonderful words:

For lo, the days are hastening on,

By prophet bards foretold,

When with the ever-circling years,

Comes round the age of gold;

When peace shall over all the earth

Its ancient splendors fling,

And the whole world give back the song

Which now the angels sing.

And when the last notes were ended, Great-aunt Cecily said, "Thank you and bless you, Melissy, for the part you played with your music-box!"

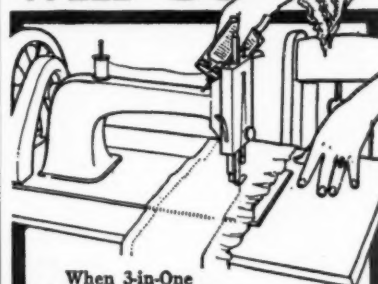
The old colored woman could not have heard her, but she must have understood somehow, for she smiled the most beautiful smile and bent down and kissed the hands of Great-aunt Cecily.

Courage and a Cabin

(Continued from page 25)

ly of cedar logs with a porch running the full length. The cabin is divided into two rooms. In our small kitchen are bright pots and pans on the wall, a low cupboard running the length of the room, and a small stove and table. The larger room has a huge fireplace at one end flanked on either side by built in seats. At the other end, a door opens into the kitchen. Over the door is a large shelf holding our fifteen folding cots. In this room is a small cupboard with our dishes and silverware, a long table, several chairs and two cots."

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Let "The American Girl" help you — see page 35

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The Manhattan Patrol Leaders' Good Turn

Shut your eyes and see them—over one hundred patrol leaders meeting together on a Saturday morning in New York City, singing and learning a Christmas "Jingle Bells" folk dance—oh, it was great fun for the Editor of THE AMERICAN GIRL to be there and to tell them of all the interesting stories and Girl Scout plans that are coming in THE AMERICAN GIRL in 1925.

After Helen Ferris had finished speaking, the girls all voted to do a Christmas Good Turn for the magazine. And so this is what those Manhattan patrol leaders are doing today. They have taken to their patrols our AMERICAN GIRL Christmas cards and they have told all their Girl Scout friends not only about the fascinating things which are going to be published but are also suggesting that they ask for THE AMERICAN GIRL for Christmas. Imagine all the subscriptions that will be coming in from those Manhattan girls! Next to going to their patrol leaders' meeting, the Editor will enjoy receiving letters from their fathers and mothers saying, "I want my daughter to have THE AMERICAN GIRL for her own."

And now the time has come for all other patrol leaders to do an AMERICAN GIRL New Year's Good Turn. This is what you can do. Talk about THE AMERICAN GIRL at your very next patrol meeting. Explain to the girls why every girl should have her own copy if she possibly can.

One Girl Scout at the Manhattan meeting said, "I have tried to get THE AMERICAN GIRL at newsstands and couldn't." The reason for that is that our magazine is not sold on newsstands. In order to make sure that you will get it, subscribe.

Janette and Jack

(Continued from page 31)

to you!" patted a space on the lounge by her as she said, "Please sit down, Jack, and hear me out."

He sat down, and his eyes on the leaping fire, listened to her tale. She was sorry she had been so mean about being friends. She would be a friend now, if he would have her.

"Will I?" he questioned with a laugh; he captured her hand, shook it hard, dropped it, and then spoke.

"When I was a small boy," he said, "and we lived next door to each other—and I wish we did now!—you were held up as a model to me, as a very good little girl. And you were, and I hated it. And you still are, and I—I'm crazy about it. That's the difference, and it's been different for a long time, but I couldn't and wouldn't show it! And back there—in the Stone Age—you always forgave me when I was mean, and that made me hate you more. But now if you will—" he stopped speaking.

"You won't hate me?" she put in.

"Rather not!" he assured her, turning to her eyes that held in them admiration, affection and reverence.

"I have nothing to forgive you for," she assured him gravely. "I owe you more gratitude than I shall ever be able to express; that's all—"

He said, in undertone, "I want to be the best friend you have, girl or boy; I'm going to work to be that—"

"You are; you saved my life," she answered.

After a moment he said, "Tony Banks took the *Thin Ice* sign that would have kept you from going in, and skated up stream with it, to be smart. He came to me, so scared he was crying, and asked me to tell you, and to ask you to forgive him."

Janette laughed. "Jack," she said, "I like you. I know we are going to be real friends. Don't you think we ought to thank him?"

And Jack said, "I did."



Give

"The American Girl"
for Christmas

12 presents for \$1.50

New equipment for the New Year. See page 35

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The eighty-first edition of Scott's Standard Postage Stamp Catalogue (1925 edition) was released the last part of October. This is a 1500 page book, listing every postage stamp ever issued, by any government in the world, and gives the value of stamps (in both used and unused condition). Practically every type of stamp is illustrated. Every stamp collector needs the guide so that he may correctly place his stamps in his album. The price is \$2.00, and may be obtained from any bookstore, or stamp dealer.

Uruguay has just issued a set of three stamps, in commemoration of the Olympic Games, held in Paris, during the past year. Uruguay entered a team, and in one particular event they were victorious. Thus another issue of stamps.

Some of you who are interested in history may recall the details of the visit of Lord Byron in Greece. He worked hard for the Greeks and they loved him. During the past few months Greece has issued a commemorative issue in honor of Lord Byron. One value is illustrated above.

Stamps are issued from almost every part of the globe. Even the Sahara Desert has its postal adhesives. The new country of Spanish Western Sahara issued its first set of stamps about two months ago. The design is that of a camel starting across the sand.

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EDWARD F. BIGELOW, Editor

Arcadia

SOUND BEACH

CONNECTICUT

Scribes Chatter

(Continued from page 24)

temperature is lowest. Whenever you go skating, take a brief inventory of what is available if some one should break through. Locate fence rails, planks or boat hauled out of water. Think where you saw a clothes-line in a back yard. All these might be useful!" *** Give *THE AMERICAN GIRL for Christmas*. *** Girl Scout plays—don't forget that we have them now. There is our Merit Badge play in two acts by Margaret Mochrie, just the thing for any troop. It is called *Magic Gold-pieces* and may be bought for 15 cents, a copy from our National Equipment Department, here at 670 Lexington Avenue, New York City. *** Ask for *THE AMERICAN GIRL for Christmas*. *** And then there is *Olela Schrott-ky's play Why the Rubbish* that is simply too jolly for words. Next month we are going to show you a picture of some Girl Scouts giving it. It costs 15 cents a copy and may be obtained from our National Equipment Department. *** By the way, if you didn't get *THE AMERICAN GIRL for Christmas*, why not for New Year's or your birthday? *** HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Don't miss Earl Reed Silver's basketball story



Uniforms

	Size	Price		Size	Price		Size	Price
Long Coat	10-18	\$3.65	Hats, Officer's	7½-8	\$4.00	Black Silk		\$2.00
	38-42	4.15	Hats, Scout	6½-8	1.60	Puttees, Women's sizes		3.00
Short Coat Suit	10-18	4.70	Canvas Leggings, Pair		1.00	Girls' sizes		2.00
	38-42	5.20	Web Belt	28-38	.65	Sweater—Slip-over type	10-14	6.75
Skirt	10-42	2.10		40-42	.75		16-22	7.25
Bloomers	10-42	2.40	Leather for officers	28-38	2.75	Coat type	10-14	7.75
Knickers	10-42	2.60	Middy—Official khaki	10-40	1.85		16-22	8.25
Norfolk Suits—Officer's:			Neckerchiefs, each45	Waterproof Coats, sizes	10-20	8.00
Khaki, Light weight	34-32	7.25	Colors: Green, purple, dark				40-42	9.50
Khaki, heavy weight	34-42	15.00	blue, light blue, khaki, pale					
Serge	34-42	38.00	yellow, cardinal, black, and					
			yellow.					

Badges

x Attendance Stars			x Life Saving Crosses			x Second Class Badge	\$0.15
Gold	\$0.30		Silver	\$1.75		x * Thanks Badge	
Silver15		Bronze	1.50		Heavy gold plate with bar	3.00
x First Class Badge25		x * Medal of Merit	1.00		Gold Plate Pins75
x Flower Crests15		x Proficiency Badges15		Silver Plate75

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x Committee75		x Tenderfoot Pins			New plain type15
x * Community Service25		10K Gold (safety catch)	3.00		Old style plain pin08
x * Golden Eaglet	1.50						

Insignia

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Corporal Chevron10		x Hat Insignia (for Captain's			x Patrol Leader's Chevron15
			hat)50			

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America, the Beautiful	\$0.05		Girl Scout Songs			Oh, Beautiful Country	\$0.05
Are You There10		Vocal Booklet	\$0.10		On the Trail:	
Enrollment10		Piano Edition30		Piano edition60
Everybody Ought to be a Scout	.15		Girl Scout Song Sheet04		Midget size05
First National Training School	.25		Lots of 10 or more03		Lots of 10 or more02
Girl Guide60		Goodnight15		Onward10
Girl Scouts Are True15		Hiking On30		To America25
						Be Prepared, Girl Guide Song	.35

Flags

American Flags			(x) Troop Flags			(x) Troop Flags (continued)	
Size	Material	Price	Size	Material	Price		Price
2x3 ft.	Wool	\$2.80	2x3 ft.	Wool	\$2.60	Semaphore Flags (extra), per	
3x5 ft.	Wool	3.60	2½x4 ft.	Wool	4.20	pair75
4x6 ft.	Wool	4.60	3x5 ft.	Wool	5.75		
3x5 ft.	8½ inches	4.60	4x6 ft.	Wool	8.50	(x) Troop Pennants	
						Lettered with any Troop No..	\$1.50
G. S. Felt Emblems (separate)			Flag Set			Staffs	
3x4		35c	Includes:			1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spiral	
4x5		40c	1 pr. Morse Code Flags Jointed			G. S. Emblem	\$6.75
6x7		45c	6-ft. Staff			1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Eagle.	5.00
7x10		55c	1 pr. Semaphore Flags, Heavy			1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spear.	3.50
			web carrying case			G. S. Emblem—separate	3.70
			Single Morse Code Flag—staff, not			Eagle Emblem—separate	2.60
			jointed60		Spear Emblem—separate	1.60
						Flag Carrier	2.60

NOTE: Two weeks are required to letter troop flags.

SPECIAL NOTE—These prices are subject to change without notice.
* Sold only on Approval of the Committee on Standards and Awards.

Above Prices are Postage Paid

Standard Price List Continued

Literature

	Price				
Brownie Books	\$0.25	Home Service Booklet, each....	.10	Set of four (Colored) (Fall, Winter, Spring, Summer. Sets cannot be broken)....	.20
Brownie Pamphlet15	Per dozen	1.00		
Brownie Report75	* Introductory Training Course15	Posters—	
* Blue Book of Rules25	Life Saving Booklet.....	.15	Girl Scout poster (large)....	.20
Camping Out, L. H. Weir	2.00	Measurement Cards05	Girl Scout poster (small)....	.10
Campward Ho!75	Ye Andrée Logge75	Set of 7 Child Welfare Posters	6.85
Camp and Field Notebooks—		A Girl Scout Pageant.....	.50	Single copies, each.....	1.00
3 Projects complete with cover	1.50	Spirit of Girlhood, by Florence Howard.		Producing Amateur Entertainments, Helen Ferris.....	2.50
Project separate, each40	* Punched for Field Notebook		Signal Charts10
Cover30	Patrol Register, each15	Per dozen	1.00
Captain's Field Notebook.....	1.30	Patrol System for Girl Guides	.25	Scout Laws	
Community Service Booklet—		Play, <i>Why They Gave a Show and How</i> (By Mrs. B. O. Edey)15	Poster size50
Each10	In lots of 10 or more10	Small size15
Per dozen	1.00	2 Plays (By Oleda Schrottky)		Postcard size05
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General Edition60	Why the Rubbish?15	Troop Management Course75
Woman's Edition30	Post Cards—		Troop Register	2.50
Girl Guide Book of Games....	.50	Set of Six (Silhouette).....	.10	Additional Sheets	
Health Record Books, each....	.10	1 dozen sets	1.00	Individual Record03
Per dozen	1.00	Single cards02	Field Note Book size.....	.01
Handbook, Cloth Board Cover..	1.10			Attendance Record03
Flexible Cloth Cover80			Cash Records, 603
English Girl Guide75				

Miscellaneous Equipment

Axe, with Sheath	\$1.85	No. 2	2.00	Sewing Kit, Tin Case25
Belt Hooks, extra05	Shoulder Protection Straps, per pair25	Aluminum Case50
Blankets—4-pound Grey	6.50	1 Khaki, Official Scout, 36 in. wide40	Scout Stationery55
Bugle	3.75	Heavy, for Officers, 28 in. wide60	Scout Stickers, per dozen05
Braid— $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch wide, yard10	Knives, No. 1	1.60	Stockings, Cotton, sizes 8-11 ..	.55
x Buttons—Per set25	No. 2	1.05	Sun Watch	1.25
10s—6 1 to set—dozen sets ..	2.75	Mess Kit, Aluminum, 6 pieces..	3.25	Transfer Seals, 2 for05
Camp Toilet Kit	2.35	Mirror—Unbreakable25	Thread, Khaki spool15
Canteen, Aluminum	2.75	x Patterns—		Per dozen spools	1.20
Tin	1.80	Coat, Skirt or Bloomers, 10-42 ..	.15	x Uniform Make-Up Sets—	
Compass, Plain	1.15	Norfolk Suit, 34-42.....	.25	Long Coat Uniform70
Radiolite Dial	1.75	Poncho (45x72)	3.50	1 Long Coat Pattern	} Give pattern size
Cuts—		" (60x82)	4.75	1 Pair Lapels	
Running Girl	1.00	Rings, Silver, 3 to 9	1.50	1 Spool of Thread	
Trefoil75	10K Gold, 3 to 9	4.00	1 Set of Buttons	
First Aid Kit with Pouch.....	1.30	Rope, 4 ft. by $\frac{1}{4}$ in.15	Two piece Uniform85
Iodine Antiseptic Pen, extra ..	.50	Lots of 5 or more, each10	1 Short Coat Pattern	} Give pattern size
First Aid Kit, No. 1	2.90	Guide, 15 ft., ring for belt ..	.50	1 Skirt Pattern	
Flashlights, Small size	1.40	Serge, O. D., 54 in. wide, per yard	4.75	1 Pair Lapels	
Large size	1.70			1 Spool of Thread	
Handkerchiefs—Scout emblem:				1 Set of Buttons	
Linen40			No make-up sets for middies and bloomers.	
Cotton25			Whistles20
Haversacks, No. 1	3.00			Wrist Watch, Radiolite	4.60

Important Instructions for Ordering Equipment

1. Scout equipment can be sold only upon written approval of registered Captain.
2. Cash must accompany all orders. All checks, drafts, or money orders should be made payable to the order of Girl Scouts, Inc.
3. Girl Scout buttons, patterns and coat lapels are sold only when official khaki is purchased from National Headquarters.
4. Authorized department stores cannot sell any of the items marked with an x.
5. Hats are not returnable. See order blank for size.

Mail all Orders to

GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.

670 Lexington Avenue, New York City

Above Prices are Postage Paid



So here is the Editor's mail bag
Send us a letter for it!

HAPPY NEW YEAR! Yes, we know it would be very timely to fill this page with resolutions, shining, bright, new ones. And of course we have some—ever so many, in fact—highly commendable ones that we hope we shall be able to keep at least until the first of February! But on second thought, we shall not reveal them. We are afraid that by the time this magazine reaches you, we may have broken them! So, instead, we are going to tell you of a new plan for this page.



It started with a letter. A Girl Scout Captain who is studying in Oxford, England, wrote us saying that although she was not eligible to enter our What-I-Wish-In-My-Magazine Contest, she had a suggestion for *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. Why not have a page every month, she suggested, to which Girl Scouts, patrol leaders, Golden Eaglets, and others could write letters, telling of their troop experiences, their problems in Scouting, asking questions and discussing anything that they wish in connection with being a Girl Scout. And she mentioned a page in the magazine published every month by the Girl Guides in England, to which they write such letters.

We were tremendously interested in this Captain's suggestion, especially since so many Girl Scouts had requested just such a page in their own What-I-Wish letters. But *where* could we find room for it? For we have just started our Athletics Page and our Handicraft Page and our Nature Page and our Puzzle Page and the others you requested for 1925. Then we remembered this page, the Editor's Trail. Of course! Why not turn it into a mail bag when one of the best parts of an Editor's Trail is the letters which the Girl Scouts write to her?

So you see, with the New Year, here is a new plan for this page. And even if we don't tell you our New Year's resolutions, we hope that one of yours will be, *Resolved, to write a letter to Helen Ferris for the Editor's Trail page.* What shall your letter be about? We'll tell you.

This page is not to be a *news page*. News will still go in our Scribes' Corner, which has a brand-new name for itself, "Help yourself for your Troop." No, the letters to be published on this page will be different. In them you will write about what you are facing in your Scouting. What is it that puzzles you? What do you think should be changed? We know that you are thinking such things because some of you have already written to the Editor telling her about them. Do you have a Court of Honor in your troop? Do you think it a good plan? What is the hardest thing which a patrol leader faces? How have you solved it, yourself? What kind of girl makes the best kind of patrol leader? What about badges—do you think most girls merely try to see how many they can earn or do they really think of the service of them? Should a girl wish to

be popular in her troop? What is the best kind of popularity?



Oh, there are hundreds of questions that you can think of! So write about them to your Editor. Tell her just what you are thinking. And when your letter is published, it will not be published with your name. That will be a secret between you and Helen Ferris. But every reader of the magazine will see your letter and will, we hope, have an answer for it. These answers, too, we shall publish on this page. Then it will be a real mail bag, won't it, coming from everywhere and going out everywhere that *THE AMERICAN GIRL* goes.



Florence Kling Harding

A Tribute

A true friend of the Girl Scouts has left us. Even in her most crowded days as wife of the President, she was never too busy to send thoughtful messages to us. Girl Scouts who met her will not forget the charm of her personality, and with us all will remain the memory of her courage, her generosity, her kindly interest in others.

In order to show you just what the Girl Scout Captain in Oxford meant when she mentioned what the English girls write for their magazine, we shall give you one here from "The Guide," as the magazine is called.

"Have we patrol leaders the happiness of our patrol at heart? This is a question which the following sentences of a conversation I heard a few weeks ago set me to wondering! 'Why were you not at Guide meeting last week, Mary?' 'I don't want to go back,' was the answer. 'My patrol leader was awfully angry and impatient with me the week before last because I wasn't ready for my second-class badge and as I hadn't managed to master the knots, I was afraid to go last week.'

"I did feel rather sorry to think that a patrol leader could make a girl afraid to attend the Guide meetings. Fellow patrol leaders, is that the right patrol spirit? I know we all want our patrol to be the best in the Company for badges, but is our keenness making us forgetful of the happiness of the girls under us? Badges do not make the best Guide. All Guides must be patient, sympathetic, and considerate if they are to 'help others at all times.' But how can our Guides learn to act so, if their patrol leaders do not try to show the example?"

Yes, that is what we mean—chatty, friendly letters about your own Scouting.

Announcing

A Change in Prices

for

Girl Scout Equipment

The National Business Committee has abolished postage charges on all Girl Scout equipment, making it simpler for you in ordering. Consult your revised Price List for the consequent slight increases in prices on certain articles.



ON and after January 1, 1925 the retail price of certain items of Girl Scout equipment will be increased a small amount. For some time, the National Business Committee has realized the great inconvenience it is for you in the field to have to figure parcel post charges. Therefore after conferring with several merchandising men on our Advisory Committee it was felt advisable to increase the prices, as you will note on the price list, so that there will be

No further charge for parcel post

The increase is not large and does not affect all articles. The National Business Committee sincerely hopes that this change in policy will make it much simpler for you in ordering Girl Scout equipment.

After January 1 do not order from old price list.

National Headquarters Girl Scouts, Inc.

670 Lexington Avenue

New York City



Short Coat Suit



Long Coat

Which Style is Official for Your Troop ?

THE long coat or the short coat suit? Which ever style you desire can be had direct from National Headquarters. Get into uniform. Be trim and neat in your appearance at troop meetings, parades, and all

activities where Girl Scouts turn out in a body. Order by size, and be sure to specify the official style for your troop. And order a hat and neckerchief, too, to make the uniform complete.

Long coat dress.....	Size 10 to 18.....	\$3.65
	Size 38 to 42.....	4.15
Short coat suit.....	Size 10 to 18.....	4.70
	Size 38 to 42.....	5.20
Hat.....	Size 6½ to 8.....	1.60
Neckerchief (for colors see price list).....		0.45

NATIONAL EQUIPMENT DEPARTMENT

GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.

670 LEXINGTON AVE.

NEW YORK CITY

